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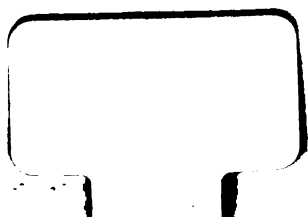
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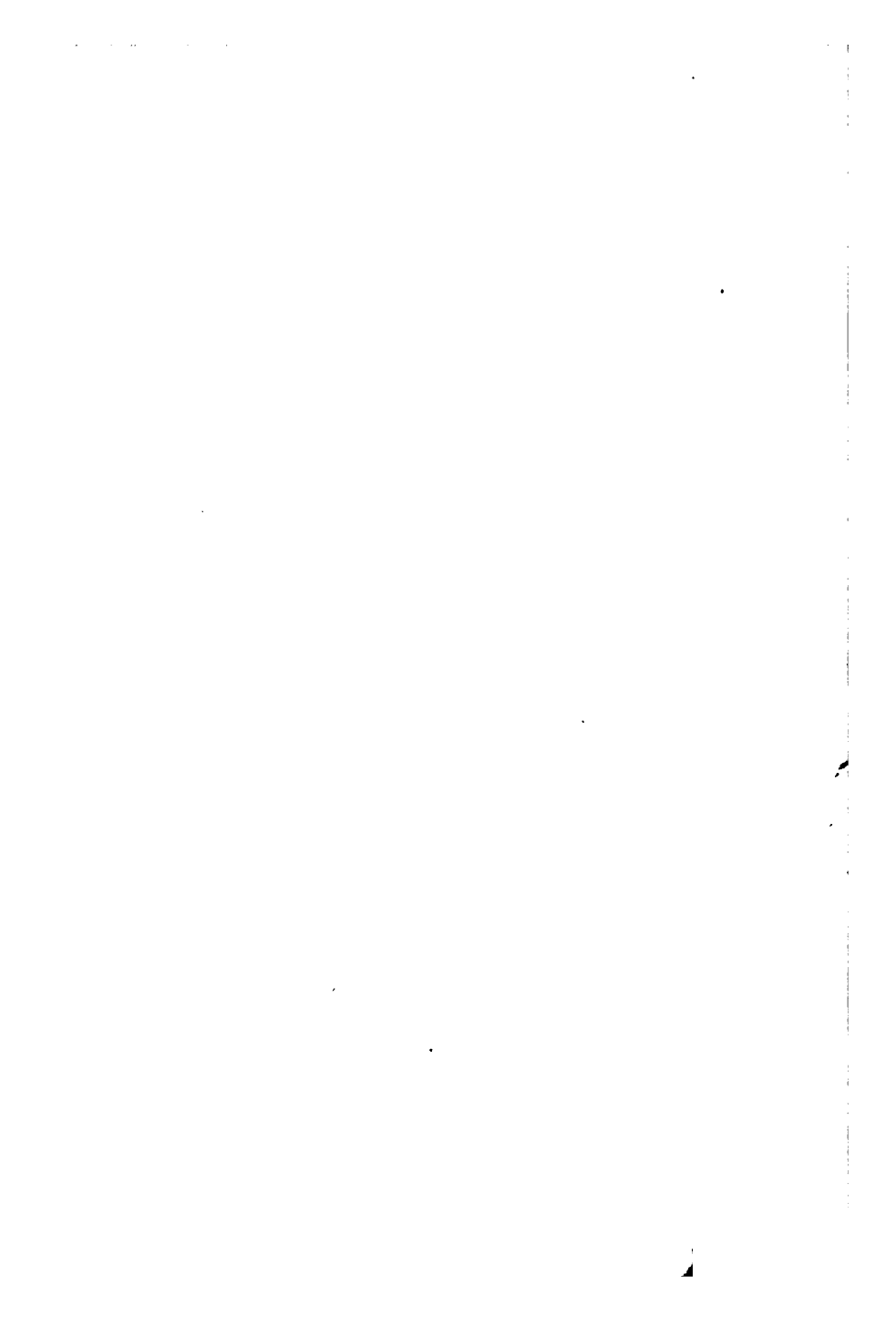
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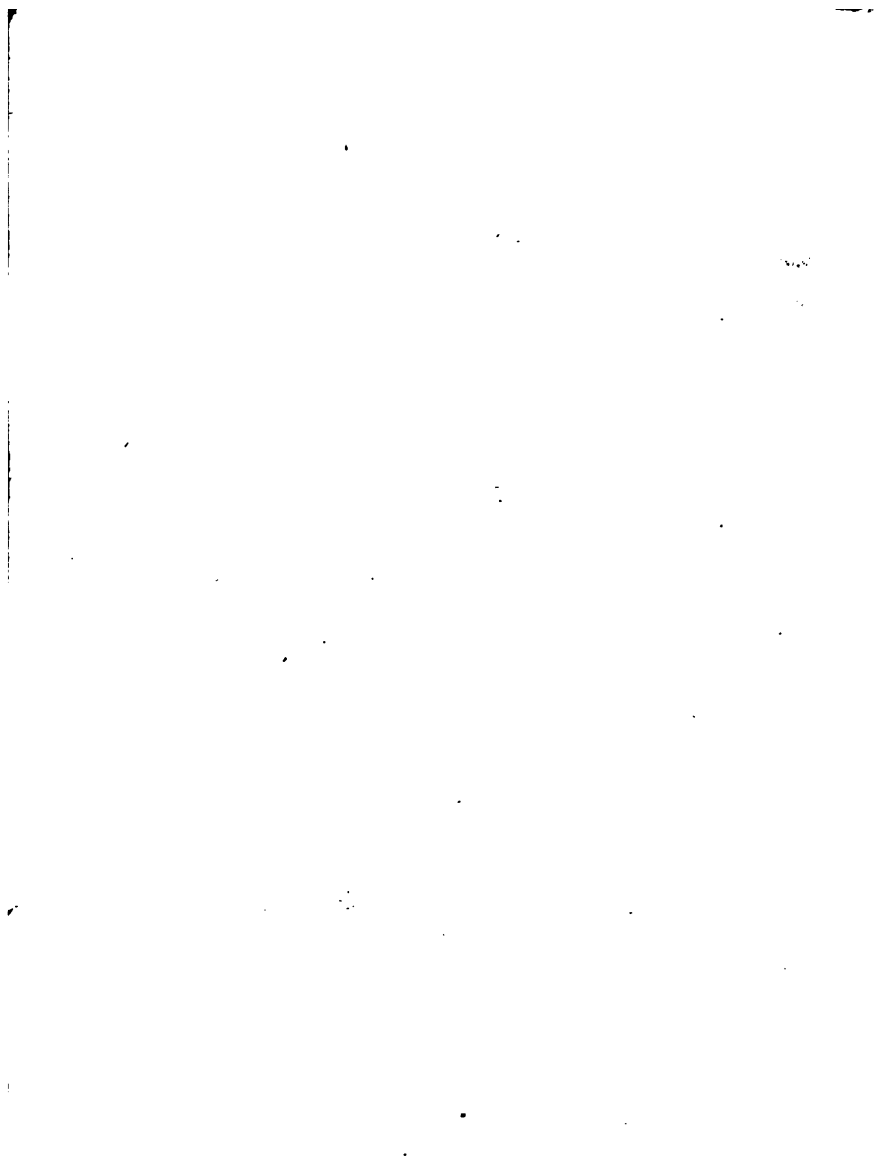




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HELL,
THE DOOM OF SIN,

A POEM;

WITH

Lights and Shadows of Musing Hours.

BY

EDWARD ARMSTRONG TELFER.

BRISTOL:

THOMAS H. PENGELLY, 29, CASTLE STREET.

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TO HER,

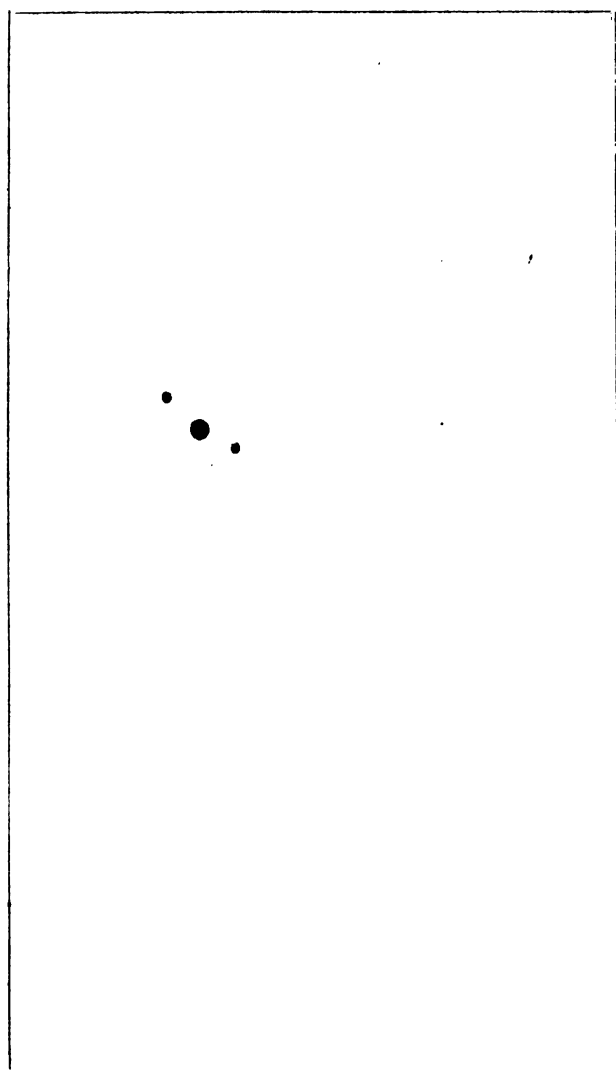
WHOM A KIND PROVIDENCE HAS GIVEN TO BE A

HELPER IN WINNING SOULS,

AND THE JOY OF MY HOME,

THIS LITTLE VOLUME

IS MOST AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.



PREFACE.

A FEW years ago the author of the following pages published some of his "Musings in Solitude." Encouraged by their favourable reception, he appears again to ask a humble place in public favour.

The Poem, on "The Doom of Sin," has been written with earnest hope that it may be the means, under God, of arousing from deadly sleep the spell-bound despisers of Heaven's laws. He is well aware that it will not bear the test of refined criticism: but there are those for whom little is written, who may be induced to read this rude attempt to strike home to the slumbering conscience. The Bible reader will soon observe, that the writer has followed the light of truth; and that the "Hell" of this Poem is the fixed doom of the wretched outcasts of eternity.

If some of the scenes described seem to border on the dreams of romance, he would observe, that during anxious toil for souls, in the last ten years, he has seen sights of human woe which prove "The Doom of Sin" to be awfully true. And if in time the miseries of those who forget God be so frightful, how infinitely more terrible must their torments be in the long future of an endless hell. Reader! the author seeks to win thy soul to the sweet joys of eternal life.

The "Lights and Shadows of Musing Hours," contain memorials of the dead who sleep in Jesus, and songs to sing when weeping sinners return. That God in his mercy may bless this effort for good is the earnest prayer of

THE AUTHOR.

HANHAM, NEAR BRISTOL,

December 17, 1857.

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HELL, THE DOOM OF SIN :

A P O E M.



ARISE, my soul ! and trim thy lamp to show
The hopeless miseries of endless woe :
With tears of pity trace the dreary road
Where sinning rebels meet to fight with God !
Stir up thy strength to wield this anxious pen
In earnest effort for the souls of men.
Let mighty faith go forth with steady light,
To lead the mourner from the shades of night.
Bless'd Jesus, come, in all thy power to save
The woe-worn sinner from the yawning grave !
In pity come ! let eyes uncloze to see
The gath'ring storms of lost eternity.

Porteus has sung of " Death," and Blair has told
The horrors of the " Grave :"—dark woes unfold

In Pollok's "Course," whose earnest toil displays
 The griefs which close the scorner's wretched days.
 But few have dared to fling the gates aside,
 Which hide from human eyes the burning tide.
 Mine be the task to touch the silent lyre,
 And tune its chords to sing the song of fire !
 Although the subject of my joyless song
 May call forth laughter from the godless throng ;
 Although the sceptic in the chair of scorn
 May nurse old Unbelief so blear'd and worn ;
 Though hell should rage, and hostile furies roar,
 I'll tell the dying of their doom the more.

'Tis wrong to sing of peace, when from afar
 Is heard the thunder and the tramp of war.
 When battle-fields are strew'd with millions slain,
 And millions more endure eternal pain,
 The watchman then, on Zion's ramparts high,
 Must warn,—or else ingloriously die.
 O may the burden of my mournful page
 Awake the slumber of this lukewarm age,
 And chase the dreams of whining cant away,
 (The curse and bane of every Gospel day,)

Which sings of peace amid the pangs and woes
 Of souls departing with triumphant foes,—
 Which sleeps in cushion'd ease till all is lost,
 Then wakes to mingle with the wailing host.
 Great God ! give me Thy love for sinners still,
 To weep and warn by Calv'ry's blood-stain'd hill ;
 And point to coming storms of laden wrath,
 Already bursting on the scoffers' path :
 With tears entreat them to repent and turn,
 Where mercy bids the vilest cease to mourn :
 With heaving sorrow all their griefs deplore,
 And win them by the cross to weep no more.
 If still they trample on Eternal Love,
 And slight the voice which welcomes them above,
 Give me a trumpet with an earthquake's power,
 And let me blow it ere the fatal hour :
 Whilst they have eyes to see and ears to hear,
 Let racking terror rouse their slumb'ring fear,
 And with a voice of thunder loudly tell
 The horrors of an everlasting hell.

No dream or fancy in the busy mind
 Shall leave the steady pace of truth behind :

The Word of God shall be my guiding light,
To take the soundings of eternal night.
Alas ! what tongue may tell, or heart can know
The solveless secret of the sinner's woe !
Say not we make the gloom a deeper shade,
And heap false terror on the deathless dead :
Hell's dread realities are strangely true,
Surpassing far what fiction ever drew.
Here baffled thought looks down the dismal steep,
Where souls in misery for ever weep !
What fearful sights amid this long despair !
Infinite law in flaming wrath lives there !
Tremendous doom ! sin's long unending woes,
No thought nor speech on earth shall e'er disclose !
For man's own good my utmost powers shall try
Whilst yet he lives to lure him to the sky.
My purpose this, my soul's unfetter'd aim,
To show the glory of my Saviour's name :
And if one soul arous'd returns with me,
We give the glory, blessed God ! to Thee.
Sin, the great author of the soul's unrest,
First rose to being in an angel's breast,

(A devil then !) who fought, but not alone,
 And strove to hurl Jehovah from his throne.
 The war was brief :—defeated, foil'd, he fell
 With yelling comrades to the deepest hell,
 Prepar'd by justice, who her right maintains
 Amid the jar of wails, and woes, and chains !
 To hell,—unknown in God's wide works before,—
 Where perish'd hope beholds no welcome shore !
 From thence the Devil sought the upright pair,
 When life's young innocence shone fresh and fair.
 How all was lost, I would not dare rehearse,
 Since that is told in Milton's matchless verse.
 Suffice to say, that hence the issues flow,
 Which wreck the sinner on a sea of woe.

The GATES of hell are where the rider stands,
 Who scatters ruin with his bony hands :
 All pale and bloody in the frightful strife,
 He slips the anchor from the hope of life,
 And drifts the soul in cheerless gloom away
 Without a chart to guide her back to day.
 Remorseless death cares little for the fare :—
 The rich, the poor, the young, the old, are there !

Sin sends out famine, pestilence, and war,
And fierce disease brings victims from afar :
The cringing beggar, from his lies and crust ;
The drunkard, from his wine and beds of lust ;
The swearer, from his curses long and loud ;
The harlot, from her sin ;—are in the crowd.
The skin and bone of misers lank and lean,
The maiden, from her dance upon the green,
The pampered epicure with panting breath,
Come on reluctant to the gates of death.
The hero glittering with stripes and stars
Rides here, to terminate life's dreary wars.
The wretched suicide in frenzy wild,
The frantic mother with her ruin'd child,
The worn backslider waking from his sleep,
And hypocrites draw near to die and weep.
The fools of fashion from the pride of state
Can scarce find room to bustle through the gate.
The foul-mouth'd slanderer in guilty dread
Takes up his place to journey with the dead.
Great God ! how dreadful to behold them die,
When vengeance lifts her thunder-voice on high !

In crowds they come, from ev'ry land, to know
The keen intensity of changeless woe !
Unnumber'd millions, waiting side by side,
Rush down the cataract on death's dark tide.
A long farewell to life's departing light
Proclaims their entrance on eternal night.
O Sin ! is this thy work—is this thy doom—
To feed those flames, and gorge the greedy tomb ?
Sad thought ! when time's gay pageantries are past,
To meet in death the common damn'd at last !

Eternal DARKNESS next infolds within
The wailing victims of the doom of sin.
No sun's resplendent light ! no moon to shine !
No stars to guide with bright refulgent line !
No lightsome hearth ! no welcome home to cheer
The moaning toilers in their torments here !
No midnight lamp to light the wakeful eye,
Nor lips of love to hush the weary sigh !
Deep is the gloom where endless tempests howl :
Deeper the darkness dwelling in the soul !
No light of faith to soar on wings away
From blackest night to life's unclouded day !

No light of truth to show the narrow path
 Which leads the pilgrim from the floods of wrath !
 No light of joy, no cheerful songs are sung,
 Where fiends sit mocking on the scoffer's tongue !
 No light of hope above the wreck to rise,
 With angel-anthems to the glorious skies !
 No light of mercy round the slighted cross
 Comes now, to rescue or repair the loss !
 Infernal doom ! this inner death to bear,
 When souls go weeping in the weeds of care.
 Intolerable thought ! thus still to be
 Accurs'd with eyes, yet never more to see.
 O what a hell this single woe has given—
 This endless contrast to the light of heaven !

Next comes the WRATH of sin-avenging God :
 The pent-up storm now empties out its load.
 Its drops once fell when watery furies ran
 To drown in boiling floods the pride of man :
 Its shadows lay on Sinai's mountain hoar,
 When Jewish rebels trembled 'midst its roar :
 Its power was felt when Core's defiance fell
 With soul and body to a burning Hell :

And when Jerusalem in ruins lay,
Almighty wrath had waited mercy's day.
So we may see, when watching by the bed
Of dying sinners, what awaits the dead :
When round and round despair has circled near,
And waking conscience calls to coward fear :
When terror blows her trumpet, sounding far,
And sin uncancell'd hurries to the war :
When deep damnation comes in sheets of flame,
And justice stern asserts her righteous claim :
Onward they rush ! the trembling die is cast !
The lingering ray of dying hope is past !
The fierce disease has set the lungs on fire,
And wrath runs down to heat the burning higher.
O how he toils ! when sweat, like molten tin,
Starts in the struggle from his stricken skin.
O how he cries to rocks and hills in vain,
To save from agonies of endless pain !
O how he shudders ! as he feels the grave,
Where lost salvation comes no more to save.
O how he weeps ! his worn and husky wail
Rolls back its echoes on the passing gale.

With weeping eyes and quiv'ring lips he goes,
With one wild plunge to everlasting woes.
Sad scenes are these, when life's short course is run,
And pleasure's best and dearest joys are done.
The heart can feel, and busy tongues can say,
What we behold when mercy flees away :
But when the storm of patient, bursting wrath,
Shall rain its horrors on the sinner's path ;—
When rolling billows gather round the lost,
And dying unbelief yields up the ghost ;—
When heap'd up wrath by every felon's hand
Is borne for ever in that dreary land ;—
When cups of woe are full, and running o'er,
And every sin demanding millions more ;—
When long eternity of wrath to come
Casts forth its woes around this cheerless home ;—
When gnashing teeth shall bite the murky air,
And lightnings smite the soul with fierce despair ;—
O tell me, if the wealth of words can tell,
The measure of this woeful doom in Hell !
Alas ! frail thought shuts down her weary eyes ;
She cannot grasp the death that never dies.

Eternal FIRE next, with surgy flow,
Comes flooding on with panoramic woe.
Great God ! and will a scoffing sinner dare
Look into hell, and say, " No fire there ? "
Proud scorner ! lift those eyes that will not see,
And let perverted reason list to me !
Was it a shadow, or a substance, say,
When fire melted Sodom's lust away ?
When doom'd Gomorrah through the burning rain
Went down to Hell—was it a dream of pain ?
When Israel's monarch sent his martial pride
To bind the prophet on the mountain-side,
Did these proud warriors perish in the sun,
When boasting pride its rapid course had run ?
Or was it fire from the bolt of heaven,
When from the man of God his foes were driven ?
Is that a sound we hear, and nothing more,
In the hoarse thunder of Mount Etna's roar ?
When from her hissing jaws the flames arise,
And threaten in their wrath to melt the skies ?
If these are FIGURES, then the battle's thine :—
If all are REAL, then own the truth is mine !

Renounce cold Unbelief : with tears return,
Where patient mercy waits for those who mourn.
Oh what a scene ! See, frightful billows roll
Within the body and around the soul !
No welcome shore across the gloom profound !
No cheerful watchword on the wings of sound !
No summer breeze to swell the shrivel'd sails !
No cups of water for the thirsty wails !
No love to wet the lip or wipe the brow !
No joyous pleasure by the fountain now !
No silent shade from Hell's accursed heat !
No mountain rill to cool the burning feet !
No golden fan to wake the slumb'ring air !
No Spring's return, nor Winter's cold comes there !
No garden waving with a sea of flowers !
No blest return of sleep's refreshing hours !
Eternal fire ! unfathom'd ! unconfin'd !
By God's decree for rebel hosts design'd !
O, how the lost in flaming horrors cry,
For ever dying, yet they cannot die !
Volum'd and dense, their torment's curling wreath
Lifts up its monument of gloomy death.

No future time the tide of sorrow turns :
Unending still, hell's quenchless fire burns.
Terrific doom ! unutterable dismay !
For hope has vanish'd, like the light, away ;
And holy Justice, with her sure reward,
Maintains the honour of Jehovah's word.

CONSCIENCE comes on, array'd in robes of fear,
Sin's treasur'd woes fall dripping from her spear.
With dismal wails, and terrible control,
She wings fresh agonies to every soul.
The drugs of pleasure lose their pow'r to kill,
Which baffled for a time her subtle skill.
Her voice, once stifled, speaks with with'ring scorn,
And haunts the soul in keenest anguish torn.
Her hand, once bound with gold's accursed tie,
Now points the finger to the gilded lie.
The slumber of a life in death's lone hour
Has left her waking with a giant's power.
The worm, alive, within the aching heart,
Comes on to do its long and destin'd part ;
And with the vigour of a rushing host,
Conscience now preaches to the wailing lost,

The slighted mercies of Eternal love !
A mother's prayers register'd above !
Bibles and sermons ! melting pity's call !
Salvation lost, which offer'd peace to all !
Closets deserted ! life's sad story told,
When souls were balanc'd in the scales with gold !
Warnings abhorr'd, amid the mocking mirth
Which threw its flowers upon the road to death !
Sabbaths despised, the soul's anointed day,
When hope was wither'd in her youth away !
The love of Jesus, and the pains he bore !
The feasts of sin in pleasant nights of yore !
The guilty frauds when cheating deeds were done !
The paths of crime where busy feet have run !—
All—all are summon'd from the dreary past,
As mem'ry rides upon the howling blast ;
And every word and every thought shall tell,
When conscience lifts her voice to preach in Hell.
O what a sermon sermon-haters hear,
When every sentence gives a fiercer fear !
Once, one short hour of preaching made them sleep,
But now they listen, wide awake, and weep.

The hours of time, alas ! are spent and gone,
And dreamy sleepers lift their weary moan ;
Arous'd to all the agonies of pain,
The wailing hosts shall never sleep again.
Stern Justice reigns, and souls in hell must know
The inner source of every pang and woe.
The aching eye, oppress'd with gath'ring gloom,
Tells to the ear its righteous woeful doom ;
And every ear which hears the dismal tale,
Cries to the tongue to utter forth its wail ;
For every tongue shall speak the truth at last,
When the bright day of human hope is past.
Conscience speaks true, where coward falsehood ran,
That man's damnation is the work of man.

The TEARS of hell flow now—those briny tears,
The soul's sad agonies for misspent years.
Forsaken mercy speaks no mourner blest :
This night of weeping knows no promis'd rest.
Despair her dark wings flaps in gloom profound,
And weeping terror gathers ever round.
O God ! what misery, what tears of shame,
Where eyelids quiver in the lambent flame.

So we have seen the widow's anguish flow,
When the lone heart has broken with its woe :
Or when the father, in his frenzy wild,
Shed burning tears beside his dying child :
Or when the orphan, broken-hearted, gave
Affection's offering to a mother's grave :
Or when the miser, worn, and weak, and old,
Wept woeful tears when robb'd of all his gold :
Or when starvation with devouring groans
Spent hungry tears upon the fleshless bones :
Or when revenge befoul'd the burnish'd steel
With poison'd woes, from hearts that could not feel :
Or when wild madness, weeping in its pains,
Drank its own blood, and tore the clanking chains :
Or when the sinner, gasping for a breath,
Went down through tears to Hell's accursed death :
The aching heart grows sick with sights thus seen,
Where the dark foot-prints of our curse has been.
But what are these, compared with hopeless grief,
Where weeping eyes behold no sweet relief ?
O sinner ! turn thy vision here, and see
The dreadful misery awaiting thee !

Forsaken now, in anguish left forlorn,
 Wrinkled the face, and miserably worn,
 The cheeks with woe all furrow'd to the bone ;
 And love's fond mischief from the glance is gone.
 The lips once soft with kisses, parch'd and dry,
 The wither'd bosom heav'd with sorrow high ;
 The gnashing teeth, the darkest, deepest pang,
 That hell has treasur'd in her deathless fang.
 The noise of laughter sleeps in silence now,
 Frail beauty decks no more the youthful brow ;
 The frightful sorrows of eternal care
 Weeps forth sad agonies in torrents there :
 See from red eyes, and down those cheeks run fast
 The tears which with the age of sin shall last :
 Remorse, for pleasures in the morn of life ;
 Remorse, for doings in the deeds of strife ;
 Remorse, for mercy gone for evermore ;
 Remorse, for crimes that broken hearts deplore ;
 Remorse, for wasted hours and scatter'd years ;
 Remorse, for pride tormented in its tears ;
 Remorse, for mirth, and every idle word ;
 Remorse, for life's mad battle with the Lord.

Alas ! what heart can feel, or tongue disclose,
 This long sad catalogue of weeping woes ?
 Remorse cries to despair, despair to fear,
 And fear brings terror in her wild career :
 Onwards they rush, as mountain billows rise,
 To meet the waters gushing from the eyes.
 Farewell to sleep, its dear refreshing rest
 Is gone for ever from the weary breast :
 Farewell to feasts, pale hunger lank and lean
 Gnaws now, where well-fed appetite has been :
 Farewell to wine, the drunkard's thirst remains,
 No foaming cup destroys his burning pains :
 Farewell to downy beds, and fond desire,
 For now the sheets are flame, the pillows fire :
 Farewell to earth, th' lovely flowers she gave
 Are blooming still around the sinner's grave :—
 Alas for him, the vales where once he trod,
 Are left to flowers, to solitude, and God.
 Farewell to all the blessedness of heav'n,
 The soul's frail anchor from its hold is riv'n ;
 And now she drifts upon a shoreless sea,
 For ever lost to long eternity.

O how she weeps when memory looks away,
To the spent glories of a gospel day !
Could she forget, her tears might then run dry,
And balmy slumber close her wakeful eye.
Ah no ! she cannot, memory never sleeps,
Remembrance bows her weary head and weeps.
Tremendous woe where smitten spirits groan,
Dark memory lives, as endless years roll on :
Take all the pain, and ev'ry drop of woe,
And ev'ry pang that human hearts can know ;
Take sighs, and griefs, and ev'ry tear that fell,
On sin's broad high-way leading down to hell ;
Gather them all, from Abel's dying breath,
To sin's last triumph in the jaws of death ;
Heap them in mountains, many as the sand,
Laughing at numbers on the ocean strand ;
Put them in scales, as tears of pity fall,
One hour of woes in hell outweighs them all.

The sad COMPANIONSHIP of dreary doom,
Next tells its horrors in this living tomb.
No keener pang can pierce the aching heart,
Than meeting those from whom they must not part.

Drunkards curse drunkards for the woes of earth ;
Children curse mothers for their wretched birth ;
Liars curse liars, for the toils of sin,
As burning billows drift life's comrades in :
Swearers curse swearers, in the storms of wrath ;
And slanderers meet, from every secret path.
The titl'd duelists who fired and fell,
Renew their combat 'midst the flames of Hell :
The cut-throat villian meets with cursing foes,
And dark deeds mingle with eternal woes.
Terrific meeting this ! on that wild sea,
Where sorrow grows with crowding company.
Let us survey the wailing woes of each,
And let the damn'd their bosom sermons preach :
If thought gives melodies that angels know,
Let thought give utterance to dreary woe.
Devils come first, malignant foes of God,
Whose feet the battle-fields of sin have trod :
Chain'd up at last no more for ill to roam,
Their frightful howlings mingle with the storm :
Thunder meets thunder, as they yell and hiss,
And light'nings ride upon a song like this :—

THE SONG OF DEVILS.

"Lost! lost! lost! and for ever we shall be,
Lost! lost! in Hell eternally!

We have been for souls to yon beautiful earth,
And now they are with us in burning death.
Away, away, from the light of the cross,
We bore them to burn in Hell with the
dross.

Blow up the fire, burn! burn!

Every cry for mercy spurn!

"We went in the midst of a mother's prayers,
And bound the children up with the tares;
We took the proud despot from might and from
throne,

And now we can hark to his terrible groan;
We threw round the hero our secret spell,
And cast him down from his pride to Hell.

Blow up the fire, burn! burn!

Every cry for mercy spurn!

" We gave the young drunkard spirits and ale,
 And now we can welcome his dismal wail ;
 On the billows of woe we drift him away,
 Deeper and deeper from the glories of day :
 We brib'd the rich fool with a golden purse,
 And now his worn breath is an endless curse.

Blow up the fire, burn ! burn !

Every cry for mercy spurn !

" We mix'd for the preacher sweet cups of pride,
 And now he burns deep in the brimstone tide ;
 We caught the fond lovers asleep in their sin,
 And here in red flames we have folded them in ;
 We tore from the sluggard the bands of his sleep ;
 And woke him up in perdition to weep.

Blow up the fire, burn ! burn !

Every cry for mercy spurn !

" The self-righteous moralist seated high,
 We took from his dreams to weep and die ;
 The cant of his life from the spirit is riven,
 As he looks from hell to the splendour of heaven :

He judged the saints as they wrestl'd in tears,
We now judge him through eternal years.

Blow up the fire, burn ! burn !

Every cry for mercy spurn !

" We follow'd the ship on the moaning sea,
When the mariners' hearts were bold and free ;
We fill'd them with drinking, with frolic, and fun,
Till they fired the ship with the flash of a gun.
She blew to shivers, and souls as they fell,
Sank through the wreck to the burnings of Hell.

Blow up the fire, burn ! burn !

Every cry for mercy spurn !

" The priest from his lies and confession we bore
Away where thunders eternally roar ;
We write up his deeds on the waves as they rise,
His wilful perversions, his fastings and lies ;
And now we confess him with burning fire,
And heap on his victims to heat it higher.

Blow up the fire, burn ! burn !

Every cry for mercy spurn !

"Come on, come on, for the dark storms of
wrath

Are gathering round our woe-stricken path ;
Let us chase for ever where wild billows roll,
Through fire and torment the coward soul ;
With howlings laugh, as they weep and cry,
And gasp at the death which never can die.

Blow up the fire, burn ! burn !

Every cry for mercy spurn !

"Loose the fierce furies, and run to the fight,
Strike down the damn'd in the power of our
might !

Heap on the dark burnings, in horrors to tell
The herds of the lost, that we hate them in hell !
And we shall sing, in their scatter'd array,
Terrible woes as we chase them away.

Blow up the fire, burn ! burn !

Every cry for mercy spurn !"

Tremendous close to sin's accursed boast ;
Jehovah triumphs ! devils fought, and lost.

The whirlwinds of eternal tempests roar,
 Where vanquish'd demons ev'ry deed deplore :
 The number of the lost increase the doom,
 As gloomy horrors haunt their woeful gloom ;
 The wretched souls they lur'd to sin and death,
 Meet them in hell 'midst storms of endless wrath !
 Unnumber'd millions rushing from afar
 Renew the battle in this endless war ;
 Defeated devils tremble in their chains,
 And hell grows frantic in its burning pains.
 Embitter'd thought ! that mortal man should be
 For ever joined to this foul company.
 Hark ! hark ! a doleful lamentation near
 Falls like a knell upon the listening ear.—

THE BACKSLIDER'S LAMENT.

“ And is this Hell ? and am I here at last ?
 Or do I dream of some tremendous woe ?
 Alas ! too true, life's ling'ring hope is past,
 Lost mercy, for my soul, has ceased to flow.

" O woe is me, the doom I dreaded most
Has fill'd my cup of anguish to the brim ;
The love of Jesus tells me what is lost,
Dark griefs come fast when memory thinks of Him.

" I wept by Calvary contrition's tears,
When Holy Goodness gave my conscience peace ;
In Zion's home for many happy years,
My soul exulted in her sweet release.

" Now all is lost ! I wandered from the fold,
And madly thought it easy to return ;
Bright hope is dead, and life's worn story told ;
The fool'd backslider lifts his voice to mourn.

" Mine is no common hell, the fiercest flame
Within its everlasting curse is here ;
The yelling fiends abhors my blighted name,
And taunt me ever with a with'ring sneer.

" The fire burns ! the waves come surging on,
But there are keener agonies for me ;

The soul's remorse for gospel glories gone,
 Completes my torment in this raging sea.

" Departed friends look down upon me now,
 And shed a tear for him you lov'd below ;
 Behold my agonies and throbbing brow,
 And pity me in this eternal woe !

" The common damn'd are almost sad to view
 The lost backslider toiling in his pain.
 Will no old friend speak out one kind adieu ?
 Must no lov'd words be ever heard again ?

" Ah no ! the die is cast ! for sainted love
 Is gone with Jesus to its own sweet home :
 The doom is fixed, whilst they are hous'd above,
 My soul is wailing in the wrath to come."

O dreadful doom ! no star of hope to save,
 Where pride lies rotting in its putrid grave.
 Beneath the curse of Moses' slighted law,
 Despisers perish'd who its justice saw ;

But gospel terrors sorer woes provide,
 For scorners smitten in the chair of pride ;
 Eternal wrath, prepares her vengeful rod,
 For those who trample on the blood of God !
 Backsliders' woe strikes out the deepest knell,
 That wakes up torment in the depths of hell.
 But stay ! a wretched hypocrite appears,
 And wails out misery in floods of tears.—

THE WAIL OF THE HYPOCRITE.

“ It is lost ! it is lost ! the toil of the past
 Is torn from my soul in the rage of the blast ;
 My sepulchre whiteness is blasted in woe,—
 The hypocrite's doom is the vilest below.

“ It is gone ! it is gone ! the hope of my life,
 And conscience has wak'd up her legions for
 strife ;
 In terrible fury for ever to tell,
 That mine is the fiercest of torments in hell.

"They are fled! they are fled! my comrades are
gone,

Through Calvary's blood to the glittering throne;
We parted on earth, and we meet not again,
The dark gulf condemns me to fire and pain.

"Farewell to the green earth, its valleys and
hills,

Its bright foaming oceans and rippling rills.
This wild sea ebbs never, and demon hosts howl,
As billows roll high on the hypocrite's soul.

"Farewell to salvation! it woos me no more,
Fierce thunders around me eternally roar.
Great God! I have cheated my soul of her home,
The Pharisees' hope is a wreck in the storm.

"They are come! they are come! lost devils draw
near,

My heart like a coward's is quaking with fear:
Damnation's full cup from the wrath of my foes,
Comes on like a river of curses and woes.

“ Around me ! around me ! hell runs to the war !
 And lightnings flash down on the flame-riven scar
 And the deep furrows worn with anguish and fears
 Are channels for thousands and millions of tears.

“ Wail out the dark dirge of the hypocrite's doom,
 Howl it in curses 'midst eternity's gloom ;
 And bear me away on the wrath-laden sea,
 Where hell burns the hottest, that flame is for me.”

The canting hypocrite now acts his part,
 With truth enthron'd within his broken heart ;
 Speechless he stood, when justice on her throne,
 Pronounced the doom of joys for ever gone.
 Speechless no more, that burning tongue must prove
 In hell the constancy of heaven's love.
 He meets in woe the souls he led astray,
 When gospel-glory held her gracious day :
 These tell him of the past, when deadly light
 Lur'd wayward sinners to this cursed night.
 The saints of God were cheated by his skill,
 When songs were sung on Zion's holy hill :

But now the putrid soul from that white grave,
 Is moaning piteous on the brimstone wave ;
 The tatter'd rags of life's long anxious care,
 Are burning now in flames of dark despair.
 See ! see ! another spirit hastes along,
 And wild confusion mingles with his song.—

THE DRUNKARD'S DESPAIR.

“Drink ! drink ! drink ! O give me drink !
 Don't let me tarry to think !
 Come on, come on, and drench me well,
 With drink from th' deepest still in hell :
 Mix it with fire intensely to burn,
 The hotter th' better my reason to turn ;
 Distil it in wrath for months and years,
 Steep it in woe from the drunkard's tears.
 Dash down the caldron on quenchless fire,
 Blow up the flames in terrible ire ;
 Strike me down in the floods of woe,
 Deep, deep, away where drunkards go :

O bring me this spirit and pour it in,
Drown with damnation the spirit of sin :
Drink ! foaming drink ! O bring me drink !
Anything sooner than let me think.
I have done such things as never were told
When the fiery spirit made me bold ;
I starv'd the widow when her child was dying,
Danc'd on the grave where my mother was lying,
Shed in the fury of revel and fight,
The blood that brings horror in endless night :
I have drunk the health of the damn'd in hell,
When devils were weaving this horrid spell ;
Then pray'd for damnation on eyes and head,
And slept in the bed with the ghastly dead ;
I drove forth my wife to the winter's cold,
When her infant was less than one week old ;
I have sung lew'd songs in my frenzy wild,
On the coffin-lid of my murder'd child !
I rode on the horse with galloping death,
And blasphem'd the Lord with my dying breath !
Salvation drew near when my eyes were dim,
With Jesu's last offer of life from Him !

I drain'd the last cup, and O, how shall I tell
Of my soul's dismal journey through tears to Hell!
Haste away for my drink! Do let me drink!
I care not for pain, but I cannot think.
If there be no fire from brandy or gin,
Gather up burning brimstone, and cast it in.
Don't let me think of the days gone by,
When my life was young and hope rose high.
Don't let me think of a mother's love
(She loves me still in her home above)!
Drive away conscience with thunder and flame!
Let storms of perdition blast out my name!
Tear away memory's fearful control!
From its tell-tale home in the depths of the soul!
Climb up to heaven and blot out my deeds,
And cover my soul with sorrowful weeds!
Destroy my companions—from now let us part:
To meet them is hell to the woes of my heart.
O bury me deep in this burning sea!
Let never a word be spoken of me.
Drink! Drink! take my body and soul for drink!
Burn me, and blast me, but don't let me think!

Alas! for my soul I am pleading in vain :
 Eternity lives in the pangs of my pain :
 The red brand burns deep in my throbbing brow,
 And hell's darkest woe is my portion now.
 They are come! they are come! damnation's dread

woes

Are rushing in yells from the lips of my foes.
 Higher and higher the billows roll on !
 Louder and louder the dark waters moan !
 Hotter and hotter the fierce flames arise !
 Faster and faster gush tears from my eyes !
 Hark ! hark ! how the terrible thunders roll !
 Red lightnings flash to the wail of my soul !
 Farewell to hope ! lost reason returns !
 Fierce devils shout as the drunkard burns !
 Lost ! lost ! is the dirge wherever we go.
 What a frightful hell is a drunkard's woe ! "

Thus drunkards meet to part again no more,
 Where anguish lifts its everlasting roar !
 Terrific meeting this, for these to share
 Sin's dread eternity of torment there !

The jolly nights they spent on earth, now tell
That pleasure paves the high road into hell :
Old friends once loved are now the cruel foes :
The wrath despised, now rains its endless woes :
The sins of youth light up the fun'ral pile,
And hell is guiltless of a drunkard's smile.
The blotched old soakers from the tavern bar
Meet here to battle in eternal war.
The worn-out villain from the ale-house den
Comes here, lamenting with his fellow men.
The rich old tippler slips away, to come
From dozy slumbers to the drunkard's home.
The filthy harlot, from her drunken sleep
Wakes up in hell, with millions more to weep.
The idle vagabonds from drinking hells,
Now join the chorus of discordant yells :
And hollow laughter ends its noisy breath
Where moaning horror lives in endless death.
Great God ! how terrible for man to be
For ever doom'd with this foul company !
Alas for sin ! another mournful sight
Casts deeper shadows on the gloom of night :—

THE LAMENT OF THE VIRGINS.

“The dark night is come, and the trumpet’s loud
blast

Strikes home to the soul with its knell :
The bright morning of life like a dream is past,
And the bodies of men are marching at last
From their graves to judgment and hell.

“The light of our lamp is extinguished in woe :
Salvation will never return !
Farewell to dear hope ! with the crowds we
must go,
Where waves of damnation eternally flow,
Cast out with the branches to burn.

“The soul in her agony counting the cost,
Has wrinkled the wrath-smitten brow ;
And the heart in its woe has ended its boast :
O sisters, lament ! for the wails of the lost
Is the music around us now.

" In the morning of life, with the sporting fawn
 We danced and we sang on the lea ;
And we gather'd sweet flowers on the sloping lawn :
Now dark is the night, and no beautiful dawn
 Shall light up this deep moaning sea.

" Hark ! hark ! to the tread where the demon host
 goes !

 Lament, for fiends summon us there !
They ride on fleet whirlwinds with curses and
 woes,
And pour in their fury on quivering foes,
 Dark vials of dreary despair.

" With drunkards and liars they rush to the fight,
 And hell is convulsed with the war :
They drag us away to the terrors of night :
With souls who are yelling in dismal affright,
 We mingle our moans from afar.

" O sisters, lament ! for our fair virgin fame
 Is blasted in gloomy dismay :

Reproach, like a canker, has smitten our
name :

The tempests of wrath on the billows of flame
Are drifting us deeper away.

“O sisters, lament ! for the storm-fiends come on :
Hark ! hark ! to their terrible roar !
Our former companions before the white throne
Are happy,—but we from life's glory are gone :
We parted,—to meet them no more.”

My heart is full of pain, and sorrow's tear
Rolls forth unbidden by the virgin's bier,
That those so kind, so beautiful, and good,
Should know in youth the soul's lone widowhood.
Betroth'd to Christ by ev'ry pain he bore,
They promis'd to be his for evermore.
Their morning shone, like sun-light on the sea,
When life's young hope went on in company :
Their lamps well trimmed with oil gave cheerful
light,
When mercy's day drew near to gloomy night :

They fell asleep!—their lights were left to burn,
Till midnight thunders woke them up to mourn!
The cry was heard, "Behold the Bridegroom nigh
Is come to lead his ransom'd hosts on high!"
The trumpet's blast brings forth the sleeping dead,
And wrath falls down upon the naked head.
The lights are gone, whilst storms of grim dismay
Come raging on, as hope flees fast away.
The bond is broken from the heart's fond tie,
And widow'd virgins droop their head to die:—
To die the death of hope, of heaven, of love,
The death of all that lives in songs above!
How sad, how terrible is this wild woe—
This anguish for the lost who meet below!
And now they wander in the dreary land,
Where fond affection never grasps the hand!
Farewell to this dark scene! May we employ
The wakeful night to win the morning's joy!
The heart grows weary with the endless wail,
Where lonesome misery unfolds her tale;
The hand would gladly drop the inky pen,
If love were not in quest of dying men.

Worn hope hangs out her little burning star,
And urges on the jaded thought to war,
Expecting still to strike the callous heart
Before in death we sigh farewell, and part ;
That hell's sad woes, in simple verse exposed,
May wake the sinner ere his doom is closed.
O God ! what agonies, what crowding fears
Attend where misery weeps lonely tears !
But fiercer torments in the cup are cast,
When COMPANIES in hell shall meet at last.

The Infidel is there ! He weeps to see
The proofs around of dread eternity !
The spell of unbelief is broken now,
And dark remorse sits burning on his brow :
His teeth are gnashing with infernal pain,
And loud wails call for cooling drink in vain :
His books, with every shade of falsehood crammed,
Appear before him with the souls he damned.
He studied hard, beside the midnight oil,
And now he reaps the issue of his toil !
The souls who read the fatal gilded lie,
In fierce upbraidings lift their voices high.

They tell him of the past, when wisdom woo'd
The wayward heart, in mercy oft reprov'd ;
Of life's gay morn, when simple hearts survey'd
The innocence of youth so soon betray'd ;
Of peerless truth, received with saving trust ;
Of Bibles loved, now rotting in the dust ;
Of sin's dark shadows, when the scorpion brood
Of dismal doubts around the spirit stood ;
Of woes terrific in the hour of death,
When gasping unbelief resign'd her breath ;
Of this wild hell, the doom of sceptic pride,
Where flaming curses evermore abide.
Onward they rush, like tigers on the prey,
And drag the wretch to deeper woes away.
They gather fire from the hissing flood,
And cast upon his soul the price of blood.
With burning pangs his eyes unclosed to see,
That sin's last woe is hell's dread company.

Close by this scene, where horrid tempests roar,
Come weeping bands from pleasant nights of yore.
The gay Seducer trembles to behold
The souls he damn'd with wine, and lust, and gold.

They take him where the moaning billows roll,
And cast reproach upon his wretched soul.
In flowery innocence they once were seen,
In youth's fond pastime tripping on the green :
Virtue, in all her glory seated high,
Bloomed in the cheek and sparkled in the eye :
The wily tempter sought with vows and sighs
To win the love which dooms the villain's prize :
The victims yielded to the fatal snare,
And sunny hope was lost in storms of care.
Despair came on, and sin with demon art,
Threw its last spell around the bursting heart.
The rose and lily from the face then fled,
And worn cheeks wither'd 'midst the tears they shed.
Unus'd to grapple with the fiends of crime,
Their slender fingers cut the cords of time ;
And sin made suicides in anguish go
To bide his coming in the depths of woe.
Around him now they crowd like devils wild,
And show the blood from every murder'd child !
With frightful screams they curse the path once trod,
When life's gay pleasure led them down from God.

They lay him down on beds of liquid fire,
 And taunt him with the lust of lost desire :
 They clasp him in the arms of wasted life,
 And drift away to deeper scenes of strife.
 Their lips, all parch'd and shrivell'd to the bone
 Are press'd to his, now hard as burning stone.
 They howl the requiem of the soul's long death
 As lightnings scathe the horror-stricken breath
 Revenge for all the past, and hell to come,
 Shakes her red dagger to the burning dome :
 Right through the heart in flaming wrath
 goes,

And adds new torments to his bosom woes !
 The doom'd wretch yells, amid eternal pains,
 And bites in madness at his burning chains.
 O how he weeps, with keenest anguish torn,
 And curses oft the day when he was born !
 Accurs'd companionship, for him to bear,
 Completes the circle of the soul's despair.

Swindlers and Thieves meet here, when life
 throw

Hurls dying villains to infernal woe !

From hungry ruin, in her cheerless cell,
 The pale young spendthrifts take a leap to
 hell !

From race-course blasphemies, and polished lies,
 The titled sportsman leaves his debts, and dies !
 From single games of chance, for pots of ale,
 The starved-out player travels down to wail !
 From brothel-hells, where painted lust decoys,
 The bleared old gambler comes from woeful
 joys !

From nights of drunkenness, when hope is past,
 The betting debauchee is damn'd at last !
 From mixing poison for a rival friend,
 They come, where agonies shall never end !
 From every den where desperate sinners hide,
 They come, like wrecks upon a shoreless tide !
 O, what a meeting this ! with curses loud
 The ruin'd wretches mingle with the crowd !
 The winking eye now trembles in its tears,
 And cheating fraud sits moaning out its fears.
 The hand that grasp'd the bribe to swear the lie,
 Is lifted up in wailing torment high.

The voice that cheer'd when dear-bought stakes were
won,

Now utters wails in endless death undone.

The feet, which spurred to death the willing steed,
Are burning now, for every cruel deed.

Now all is lost!—the gold, the lust, the wine,

The gallant steed, and beauty's welcom'd shrine!

The beds of down where idle rakes reposed,

And horrid haunts where felon eyes were
closed!

Now comes the day, when from sin's weary toils

They meet in hell to part the gathered spoils.

O wretched treasury from mercies giv'n,

When bursting wrath in howling tempest driv'n

Sweeps down the gains of time : in hell they fall,

Where souls are lost—the dearest loss of all!

Damnation mounts its wild and fiery car,

And midst this host lets slip the "dogs of war:"

With gnashing teeth and flashing eyes they yell,

And rush to battle in the flames of hell:

As devils fierce the madden'd foes engage,

And fight in furious, unforgiving rage:

Curses and woes roll on like ocean waves,
And vanquished cowards sink to burning graves.
To them the deepest woe in lost eternity
Is this long doom of weeping company.

Here Misers meet, with visage lean and pale,
To yell shrill thunders in their frantic wail.
The thin and scatter'd hair around each head
Stands up in terror with a coward's dread :—
Those heads droop down in anguish sore to mourn,
And list'ning ears are doom'd at last to burn :
The worn eyes, starting in terrific pain,
Weep tears of anguish for the past in vain :
The nostrils labour in the blast of woe,
As patient wrath lets out its floods to flow :
The mouth falls open 'neath the curse of law,
And toothless gums are melting in the jaw :
The throbbing neck within the shrivell'd skin
Breathes flaming fire around the burning chin :
The back and bosom meet in worn decay
(Starvation ate the middle parts away) :
The wither'd hands hang trembling by the side,
And grasp in agony the brimstone tide :

The weary lungs call out for drink, to slay
 The deathless worm now feeding on its prey ;
 And ghastly limbs tramp deep in this dark sea,
 In hopeless travels through eternity.
 The gold they left on time's forsaken shore,
 Is melted now where quenchless fires roar.
 Devils come on with torment for life's sin,
 And hold their heads to pour the liquid in ;
 They start and yell, O horrible to see
 The woe-struck wretches struggling to be free !
 Alas, how vain ! the blighted souls are lost,
 With all the gold their dear damnation cost.

The Murderer is there, whose demon art
 Destroy'd affection from his dastard heart.
 The hand so skill'd in mixing poisons here,
 Now lifts the cup surcharg'd with raging fear :
 The blood he shed speaks out in terror now,
 And burns its brand upon the wrinkled brow :
 He hears the dying curse rehears'd again,
 And meets alive the man whom he has slain.
 From ev'ry road where cut-throat wretches go,—
 From slave-blood running in its hell of woe,—

From pirate ships,—from sea-fights basely won,—
From dreary paths where desperate work was done,—
From royal palaces where daggers wore
The tinted purple of their reeking gore,—
From savage lands where tawny murderers prowl,—
From man-hunts where the horrid blood-hounds
howl,—
From battle-fields where cursing heroes fell,—
From harlot-homes where heartless sinners dwell,—
From dungeon gloom where guilty robbers die,—
From drunken dens where cursing drunkards lie,—
From pistols, poisons, water, hemp, and steel,—
They come at last, where iron hearts must feel.
From scaffold beams where trembling villains
swung,—
From prison-graves where felon dust was flung,—
Here meet in hell the Cains of every age,
Remorse and vengeance glut their utmost rage.
In multitudes they come from every shore,
To drink the cup of woe long mix'd before.
Blood! blood! is written on the vengeful rod,
Which burns deep scars upon the foes of God.

Its voice, like thunder, cries for justice still,
 And wrath wakes up its woes in those who kill.
 The worm gnaws on :—no balmy blessed rest
 Shall ever calm the sinner's troubled breast.
 The bursting heart wails forth terrific fears,
 Where sin consumes in never ending tears ;
 And dreadful horrors crowd upon the sight,
 In this companionship of cheerless night.

Here Sabbath-breakers come, when time's dark
 deeds

Yield the rank harvest of accursed seeds.
 The doom of law for sinning rebels made,
 Now gathers round them in the gloomy shade.
 God's blessed day, (the best of foretastes given,
 To whet our relish for the joys of heaven,)
 Despised and lost, with all its saving love,
 Its dear-bought emblems of the rest above ;
 Its songs of Zion in the house of prayer,
 When ransom'd hosts drew near to worship there :—
 Its trumpet warnings from the watchman's voice,
 When weeping mourners felt their hearts
 rejoice :—

Its spirit falling like the gentle dew,
In all its pristine vigour to renew :—
Its lifted cross with wisdom's voice to guide
The storm-tossed traveller to the Saviour's side :—
Its sunshine resting on the close of life,
When tired spirits sing farewell to strife :—
Its mercy lost ! ah, never to return,
For doom'd despisers meet in hell to burn !
Companions once, on Sabbath days to roam,
And hunt for pleasure in her flow'ry home ;
When soft embraces in the shady bower
Heap'd up sad woes for this tremendous hour !
Companions once, on summer seas to sail ;
But now, for evermore, they meet to wail !
Companions still, but not in homes of peace,
The torn heart seeks but never finds release !
In bitterness they tell of Sabbath days,
When wisdom woo'd them to her happy ways ;
When sainted friendship in her tears stood nigh,
And wept to win them to her joys on high ;
When slighted goodness crossed their downward path,
And offered shelter from the storms of wrath.

Alas ! life's race is run, and all is lost,
Where howling scoffers end their sneering boast.
Remorse and vengeance rend the bursting heart :
Companions now, they meet no more to part.
With dismal yells they curse time's wasted breath,
When mirth went smiling to eternal death,
And broken Sabbaths, honour'd in their doom,
Unfurl truth's banner o'er the scoffers tomb.

Tyrants and Despots, from the groans and blood ,
Of murder'd millions perish in the flood—
The flood of wrath, where roaring tempests meet
Mail'd warriors crouching at the conqueror's feet :
The bearded vassal from the chieftain's door,
(Who stabb'd his enemies and starv'd his poor,)
Confront him now, with curses fierce, to tell
That gold, nor rank, can give command in hell.
Time's purple thrones the mighty dead resign,
And bend submissive where the mightier reign.
The bow is broken, and the rusty sword
Rots in the scabbard like its haughty lord ;
And souls unused from boasting foes to fly,
In hell's dread doom for hopeless mercy cry.

The mitred majesty of priestly power
Falls down defeated in the final hour.
It sat in judgment, when the company
Of bleeding saints gave life for liberty :
With bolts, and bars, and iron boots to kill,
It baffled devils with infernal skill :
With cramps and screws to bind eternal thought,
This blight of mind through dreary lifetime sought :
Now it is damn'd, with those who weep to see
Beyond the gulf that happy souls are free.
The slave-fiend comes from life's long story told,
Where men, like beasts, are never bought or sold.
He sees, or thinks he sees, the dark skin torn,
With human eyes all fixed in horrid scorn :
He hears the wild yell of the murder'd race,
Who meet the trembling villain face to face :
He feels the red lash of the scorpion's sting,
To everlasting on its vengeful wing :
The yoke of bondage in the soul's unrest,
Sits now for ever on the slaver's breast :
And dismal torments through eternal years
Pay back to freedom all her pains and tears.

The little despots from their village thrones,
Bring down long debts with dreary wails and groans.
The honest poor were trampled in the dust,
When heaven, forsooth, was bribed with cant and crust.
Alas! the heaven that pompous pride thought won,
Is lost for ever, and the soul undone.
The companies of hell crowd near them there
To give intensity to black despair;
And starved old sinners, who oft wished them dead,
Twine wreaths of fire around the aching head.
Freedom gives endless life to deathless mind,
When Satan's tyranny is cast behind.
Freedom shall live eternal in the skies,
When tyrants die the death that never dies.

Here meet the snarling offspring of Discord,
Hell's busy slaves when warring with the Lord.
In loathsome solitudes these cowards met,
To weave dark mischief in their subtil net:
With dastard meanness wretched schemes were laid,
Where wrinkled envy taught her cursed trade:
With words of oil the smiling villains spoke,
Surcharged with gall the slimy bubbles broke;

And seeds of enmity, like rank weeds, sprung
From every movement of the slanderer's tongue :
In peaceful families they came to part
Love's dear affection from the trusting heart :
Those homes of joy became abodes of strife,
When poison seared the summer leaves of life !
Gloomy and dense, the gathering shades of night
Shut fading glory from the aching sight.
The hoary head of venerable age
Sank in the grave beneath their cruel rage ;
And fierce contentions with domestic foes
Prepared frail victims for eternal woes.
Discord dispersed the cheerful calms of peace,
And gave fierce passion sin's uncurbed release ;
Unloosed foul tongues to clash in constant jars,
And sent men cursing to remorseless wars ;
Drenched battle-fields with floods of reeking gore ;
Made sea-fights wash with blood the wond'ring shore ;
Tossed fire and death amid the yelling ranks,
And gave the warrior's soul to hell for thanks ;
Dug gloomy graves where shattered corpses sleep,
And broke lone hearts where dying widows weep ;

Sent harlot orphans to the gallows-tree,
Thus ending sin's wild war for liberty.
The church of God, assailed with jealous hate,
Met foul disaster where the spoilers wait :
They came in tears to beg for refuge there,
When sin-storms thunder'd in the murky air.
With arms extended, Zion bade them come
In cheerful welcomes to her peaceful home.
The traitor knaves, awhile in earnest mood,
Bow'd round her altars with the great and good ;
Till evil eyes and evil hearts were seen
Where coward hatred points her dagger keen.
The evil seed lies scatter'd on the way,
Where pilgrims travel to the realms of day :
Its deadly fruit divides life's dearest friends,
Nor time nor death its fatal influence ends,
Till wasting war the wand'ring sheep has driven,
Where hell with burning eyes looks up to heaven.
Now comes the hour when bitter foes must meet,
Where floods of wrath their dreary coming greet ;
Where long-sought anarchy shall shout to tell
The damn'd of discord in the fights of hell !

Where sheep-clad wolves in flames, all fleeced and
bare,

Howl to the thunders of eternal care.

The blackest doom within deep hell shall be
The quenchless torments of this company.

Farewell! farewell! companionship so drear,

Where terror rides upon the wings of fear.

Few deeper agonies can hell display,

When judgment drives the shivering hosts away.

O sleeper, rise! behold the setting sun!

Awake! awake! before your day is done.

A dimness gathers round the aching sight,

And settles slowly in a mornless night!

Escape away, before the tempest harms,

And flee for shelter to the Saviour's arms!

Duration next, where storm-clouds burst and
fall,

Sums up in hell the final curse of all!

The weeping widow by her dying boy,

Hopes still to meet him in enduring joy.

The saint, convuls'd with woe, will aye confess,

When one pain ends it leaves the number less.

So the wreck'd mariner, amid the roar
Of dismal tempests, hopes to gain the shore.
The ills of time run to a certain close,
When death winds up the last of earthly woes.
But when the trumpet bids the dead arise,
And flaming fire melts the shrivell'd skies ;—
When stars and suns like wither'd leaves shall fade,
And hell brings forth the weapons sin has made ;—
When books are open'd at the final bar,
And conscience rises in her wrath to war ;—
When the just Judge pronounces in his ire,
“ Depart, ye cursed, to eternal fire ! ”
When all is lost, and all to come must be
The soul's dread portion to eternity :—
'Tis then that agony puts on her might,
And thunder bellows to the hounds of night.
'Tis then that havoc marches from its den,
To burn damnation in the hearts of men.
Long, long duration measures out the pains,
Amid the clank of everlasting chains.
Eternal darkness shuts the eyes of hope !
Eternal wrath, where woe-struck sinners grope !

Eternal fire, where yelling fiends attend !
Eternal tears, where tears shall never end !
Eternal conscience lifting up her groan !
Eternal justice seated on her throne !
Eternal company to part no more !
Eternal war, where hell-storms reek and roar !
Eternal thought, in memory's brain to burn !
Eternal devils, pity's plaint to spurn !
Eternal taunts on wailing tongues shall be
The doom of hell's accursed company !
Great God ! 'tis all eternal where souls go,
Who die beneath thy frown to live in woe !
When ages numerous as the drops of dew
Are past and gone, no end appears in view !
When millions more have roll'd in millions on,
That end is distant as when first begun !
Farewell to hope ! she comes no more to cheer.
Despair lives on, and terror howls to fear.
Damnation weds the soul : terrific tie !
Unutterable doom, no more to die !
Eternity winds up the substance of the whole,
And crowns with agony the perish'd soul.

The trumpet's long and dismal blast is o'er.
Awhile the watchman rests on Zion's tower.
With gentle harp he sings a happier lay,
And warbles welcome to the dawning day.
His soul takes no delight in morbid gloom,
And finds no pleasure in the wail of doom :
God knows his heart, and sees his purpose this,—
To guide lone wanderers to the port of bliss.
We are not lost, who hear the warning voice,
And he who lives may make a happy choice.
If one poor sinner wakes to weep and flee,
That good repays the anxious toil to me.
Kind reader, let us turn from wailing strife,
And view the glories of the light of life.
With earnest step and broken hearts return
To him who saves when burden'd spirits mourn ;
And sing when dreary storms are hush'd and past,
Salvation's triumph by our graves at last.
Come here ! behold the scene on Calvary's hill,
Where justice bares its glittering sword to kill !
The Victim slowly marches to the death.
See ! hell and heaven watch with muffled breath.

His shoulder bears the sin-accursed cross,
And God-made-man, for us, counts all things loss.
They lay that cross upon the trembling ground,
Whilst bitter enemies stand scowling round ;
They stretch his limbs upon the stubborn wood,
And drive the nails, midst groans and sweat of blood.
They strike the lance within his panting side,
And hail death's omen in their hellish pride.
Deserted in that hour of dreadful woe,
By all in heav'n above and earth below,
Alone he dares the crowding hosts of hell :
As roaring earthquakes echo back their yell !
Alone he meets the burning wrath of God,
Where holy justice wields the vengeful rod !
Alone he takes the cup of mortal woes,
And drinks it for a world of raging foes !
Behold, " 'Tis finish'd !" the Messiah cries :
He bows his head and like a conqueror dies.
The legal curse falls down in worn decay,
And gospel glory shines with golden ray.
O, what a scene ! Man's mighty work is done !
God's love has given his Eternal Son !

In that dread hour the sun drew back his light,
And mourn'd in sackcloth at the matchless sight.
The tears of nature in her grief were shed,
And trembling graves disgorg'd their wond'ring dead.
The vail was rent where Jewish pride had been,
And mercy to the Gentiles shone between.
Angels beheld, and bore the tidings high
With hallelujahs to the joyful sky.
The rocks were riven, and their bursting roar
Shook the dark billows on the Jordan's shore.
Devils affrighted in their terror ran
To hide in hell, and howl with ruin'd man.
O reader ! shall the rocks, and sun, and sky,
Be mov'd, whilst we unmov'd are passing by ?
O base ingratitude ! from dying love
To turn away, and spurn dear joys above.
Be sham'd from sin ! wake up, and swiftly flee
To mercy's door that opens wide for thee.
Behold again ! the night of death is gone !
The Prince of Life comes forth to claim his throne.
Conqu'ring he comes from that lone boasting grave,
And shows the tokens of his power to save.

With burning words he speaks to anxious souls
 In glorious welcomes when the world scowls.
 His joyful followers forget their care,
 And sing adieu to bosom sorrows there.
 From favor'd Bethany he soars away,
 With angel armies to eternal day.
 Behold him now, our Advocate, to show
 The lights and shadows of the pilgrim's woe.
 He knows our frame, and through the streaming
 blood

The way is open to the peace of God.
 The vilest wretch that ever shed a tear,
 Is welcome to the fountain gushing here.
 Reader! are you the child of tender age?
 O flee for shelter from the tempter's rage.
 If you seek Jesus in the morn of youth,
 Eternal mercy gives its bond of truth,
 That you shall find the long, long - promised
 rest,

Where love sits smiling on the Saviour's breast.
 Are you the strong, with fine and manly form,
 Who wait with daring for the bursting storm?

Be warn'd in time, before your strength depart,
And death runs howling through your stricken heart.
Lay down your weapons at the conqueror's word,
And bow to triumph in your mighty Lord.
Behold the cross, where joyful angels greet
The weeping sinner at the Saviour's feet.
Are you the frail old man about to die,
Unpardon'd still, with crowding sorrows nigh ?
Cheer up, old friend ! with tears to Christ return,
And with your life let hope's sweet pleasure burn.
Never despair, but earnestly contend
For faith, whose triumphs time nor death can end.
Your sins may rise enormous up to heaven,
But mercy cries, "They may be all forgiven."
Are you the wither'd branch from Zion's vine ?
The worn backslider's dismal portion thine ?
Torn off, twice dead, awaking up to weep
From months and years of soul-destroying sleep ?
E'en you may come, where gushing waters rise,
And boundless goodness woos you to the skies.
Cheer up, and come, before eternal wrath
Hurls dark destruction on your dreary path.

Come, all the world ! and kiss the offered hand
Which bids you welcome to the better land.

'Tis not all Hell ! I see resplendent light,
From heaven's glory bursting on my sight.
The long-expected harvest-day is come,
And joyful reapers bear the ripe fruit home.
Chariots of salvation throng the road
From crowded graveyards to the throne of God.
The steeds are lightnings, where the flame path runs,
Like sheets of glory from a million suns.
Their nostrils thunder as they sweep along
With multitudes who sing the conqueror's song.
Onward they rush, by angel-horsemen driv'n,
With hallelujahs through the gates of heaven.
I see them landing on the peaceful shore,
With bodies glorified, to die no more.
Old friends meet there, in families to dwell,
Where harps of gold shall never breathe farewell !
From ev'ry land where anguish'd hearts are torn,
I see them come to glory's endless morn.
They sang defiance to the shout of foes,
And now they rest in beautiful repose.

Disease nor death no more will mar their joy ;
Eternal triumph mourns no base alloy.
They wave the palm of battles fought and won,
For all the toil of human strife is done.
Their robes are white, like sheets of virgin snow :
The blood of Jesus wash'd away their woe.
The crowns look splendid on the victors' brow,
And angel-spirits wait upon them now.
Sweet music warbles by the waters wide,
And glorious breezes kiss the rippling tide.
Eternal goodness fills each peaceful breast,
And glory settles in her endless rest.
With angel-hosts the tearless pilgrims meet,
And bow in ecstasies at Jesu's feet.
His love is satisfied at last to see
The souls he sav'd in joyful liberty.

Farewell, kind reader ! we must part at last.
O may we meet in peace when life is past !
Farewell, frail wanderer on the dreary way,
Where sin and hell their helpless victims slay !
Farewell, lost companies in endless gloom !
The watchman warn'd you of your coming doom.

Farewell, dark shades ! to you a long farewell !
I sing defiance to the troops of hell.
Welcome, bright hope ! my soul's dear steady star,
When moaning blasts announce the tug of war.
Welcome, blest Jesus, to my trusting heart !
Bind me to thee, and never let us part.
Welcome, companions on the gladsome road,
Where pilgrim spirits travel home to God !
Welcome, kind angels ! lead me to the shore
Where we shall sing and part again no more !
Welcome, bright glories, in the pleasant land
Where friend with friend shall grasp dear friendship's
hand !
Welcome, my Father ! take my toil and me,
And give me WELCOME to ETERNITY !

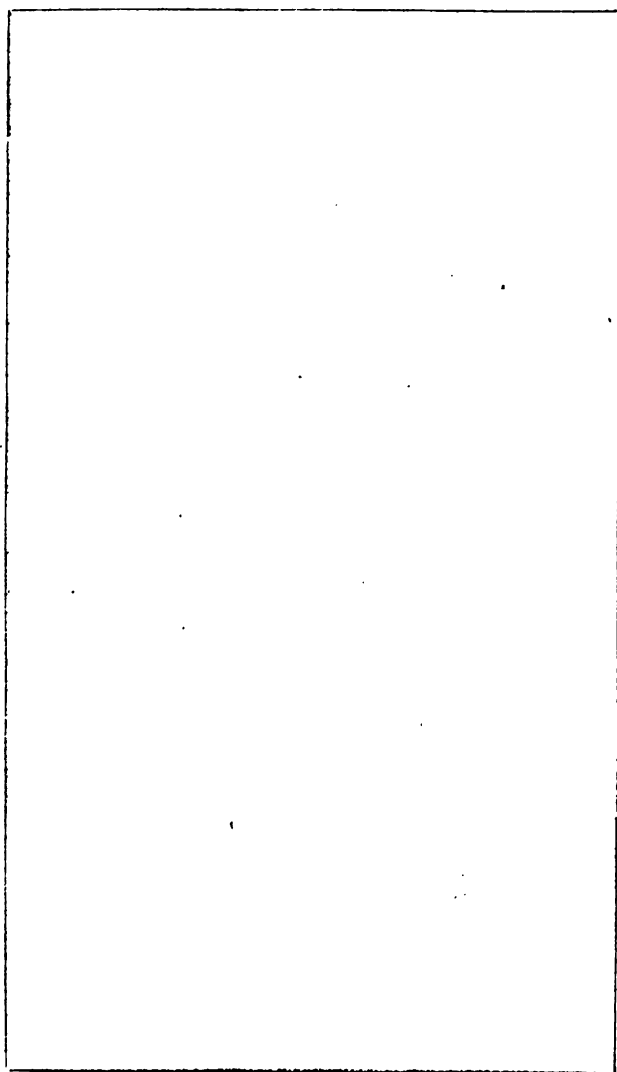
END OF THE POEM.

THE

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

19

MUSING HOURS.



MY MOTHER'S DEATH.

[In memory of Isabella, my affectionate MOTHER, who entered into rest on the 22nd of June, 1850, in the 69th year of her age. After journeying 150 miles, I found her near death, "Mother," I said, "are you happy in Christ?" With a faint smile, she replied, "I am a great sinner, trusting in a great Saviour." Young men who read this, be kind to your mothers! when you stand by their dying beds, you will wish it then. Peace to the dust of her I mourn. She only sleeps! We shall meet again.]

THE silver sunlight of departing day
Had left us watching by the dying bed
Of her, whose sixty summers gone and past
Gave warning of the soul's grand victory.
I heard her whisper of a Saviour's love,—
Of mercy for the guilt of perish'd years,—
Of trust in him, who conquer'd death and hell,—
'Till with her hand enclosed in mine,—SHE DIED.

Died, did I say? Ah, no! she only sleeps,
Until the trumpet blast shall bid her rise.
Rest, mould'ring dust, until the dawning morn
Shall usher in undoom'd eternity!

Few griefs are keener in the shades of death
Than heart-strings breaking when a mother dies.
Ev'n then, there is a precious hope to bless
The wounded spirit in its anguish'd woe.

Death and the grave may triumph for a while.
Corruption revel in our helpless dust !
But Zion's king will spoil the boaster's power,
When trembling graves give back their robbery.
Like him who rose from Joseph's lonely tomb,
So shall his followers come forth at last !
Thus her I mourn sleeps on in blessed hope,
Till angels wake her to eternal life.

Farewell, my mother ! till we meet again,
Where sever'd hearts shall sigh in grief no more ;
Where mighty joys in everlasting song
Shall be the ransom'd soul's long melody.
Mine be the task to win the glitt'ring prize,
And travel earnestly the road to heaven.
Then saving mercy, in the final hour,
Will bear me, sainted mother, home to thee !

MY SISTER'S CALL.

["My Saviour calls me : I can say no more." The last words of my Sister, JANET TELFER, who died in Scotland, November 22, 1856, aged 49 years.]

"My Saviour calls me !" See, the happy land
Looms in its glory on my failing sight :
Sweet music warbles from the angel band
Who wait to bear me to the shores of light :
A few more strokes upon the stormy sea,
Then I shall rest in blest eternity.

"My Saviour calls me " from the world away,
Where sorrow mingles with the pilgrim's lot :
Bright hope looks upward to an endless day,
Where life's long weariness is all forgot :
A few more throbbings of this panting heart,
Then welcome joys, where friends shall never part.

"My Saviour calls me !" O how sweet to hear
His loving voice in this tremendous hour !

It charms the terror of foreboding fear,
And nerves the spirit with almighty power.
Like wither'd leaves, so fall my quailing foes,
And heaven opens with its sweet repose.

"My Saviour calls me!" Hush! speak softly now,
And let not sorrow for my dying weep.
The breath of angels round my aching brow
Shuts down my eyelids in untroubled sleep.
The dews of death midst gloom so dark and drear,
Fall like the pity of a mother's tear.

"My Saviour calls me! I can say no more,"
For life's spent agony departs at last.
Resplendent glory from the heavenly shore
Shines bright, as death's worn wave runs
moaning past.

Come on, my mother, and the friends I love,
And bear me shouting to my home above!

"I'M NO FEAR'D TO GANG."

[These were almost the last words of my Father, WILLIAM TELFER, who died on the 6th of April, 1856, in the 85th year of his age. He was a devoted Christian for more than sixty years before his death. On Sabbath days, alone, he travelled on foot, across the mountains in the Lowlands of Scotland, upwards of 35,000 miles, to hear the Gospel preached. Unaccustomed to sickness, he felt the few months of his mortal illness to be a cross: hence, on one occasion, when near his end, he exclaimed, "I'm weary, weary, but there remaineth a rest for me, and I'm no fear'd to gang through." May my last end be like his !]

"I'm no fear'd to gang," through tempests dreary,
 Though loud winds roar, and my limbs are weary;
 For Jacob's God is my portion now,
 And angels tell, as they wipe my brow,

"There remaineth a rest for me."

"I'm no fear'd to gang," where death blasts howling,
 Sweep through the darkness, so grimly scowling.
 The worst is come, and my Saviour near
 Whispers these words in my anxious ear,

"There remaineth a rest for me."

"I'm no fear'd to gang." To me is given
A passport on through the gates of heaven.
The long-lost power of my sins is gone,
And mercy sings on her holy throne,
"There remaineth a rest for me."

"I'm no fear'd to gang." This bosom rattle
Is the dying dirge of mortal battle.
My eyelids close on trial and pain,
As harpers strike up the joyful strain,
"There remaineth a rest for me."

"I'm no fear'd to gang," for tears of sorrow
Shall bring no gloom on the dawning morrow.
The night is ending, and rising day
Comes as the shadows flee fast away.
"There remaineth a rest for me."

"I'm no fear'd to gang." My soul ascending,
Beholds the clouds in the valley rending.
Leave me to slumber in peaceful rest,
Where the promise points to Jesu's breast:—
"There remaineth a rest for me."

"I'm no fear'd to gang." Resplendent glory
 Shines on the close of this mortal story.
 My four-score years like a dream are past,
 And the welcome word is heard at last,
 "There remaineth a rest for me."

THE DYING SAINT'S FAREWELL.

[The following verses were written in a season of deep trial.
 Reader! when you die, may this song be yours!]

HARK! from yonder shining sky
 Comes a sweet angelic cry;
 'Tis a welcome ere I die!
 My weeping friends, Farewell!
 Soon my peaceful soul shall go,
 Far away from tears and woe;
 Where no fierce, remorseless foe
 Can keep me from my Lord.

Death is drawing near to slay,
But his sting is cast away ;
Hope looks up to endless day,
And God is all in all.
Strong in him, whose power to save
Triumphs o'er the boasting grave,
Jordan's dark and dismal wave
He parts to let me through.

Fare you well ! unloose my wings !
Let me go where priests and kings
Sing the song that Moses sings,
Before the glitt'ring throne.
See ! from yonder plains of light,
Angels rush with rapid flight !
O ! it is a splendid sight !
They come to take me home.

Fare you well ! the race is run,
Battle fought, and victory won !
Mortal toils and cares are done.
Adieu ! adieu ! adieu !

Thus the Christian warrior dies ;
 Spreads his wings, and mounts the skies.
 We, like him, may win the prize,
 And wear the victor's crown.

FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.

[These verses are in memory of Mr. JOHN HOW, merchant, late of Bideford, North Devon, my esteemed Father-in-law, who died, after enduring great suffering, on the 27th of May, 1856, aged 63. For upwards of 40 years he was a devoted member of the Wesleyan Methodist Society. During the most of that time he held some of the leading offices in the church. His name will be long remembered as an earnest friend to Sunday Schools, and a helper of the poor.]

SLEEP on, departed friend ! worn pilgrims must
 have rest ;
 As when the warrior from his toils and woes
 Lays down in peace, nor fears his raging foes ;
 Or like the mariner, when storms are past,
 He gives the white sails to the bending mast,
 And steers for home, where trouble heaves no
 aching breast.

Sleep on! thy mental agony is finish'd now:

The gushing tears have run the fountain dry,

And gentle peace has closed the weary eye:

The dismal nights of agonizing pain

Are past, and never will return again:

Eternal triumph sits upon thy massive brow.

Sleep on! thy dark forebodings 'midst the tempest's
roar

Are buried deep within the silent grave,

And now the victor's palm is thine to wave:

The gloomy shadows of the past are gone,

And light shines glorious round the dazzling throne,

Where fadeless flowers adorn the everlasting shore.

Sleep on! how good it must be, after all thy fears,

To rest secure within that joyful home,

Where not a grief nor care shall ever come.

To raise that throbbing brow in quiet peace,

And give that panting heart its sought release,

Brings sweet deliverance from life's sad means and
tears.

Sleep on ! the cold damps gather in thy narrow bed,
 Just like the seed time in the morn of spring,
 When midnight dews their fertile fatness bring.
 The summer's fruit, and autumn's yellow store,
 Portray the coming up to Canaan's shore
 Of pilgrim spirits when their cruel foes have fled.

Sleep on ! I would not break thy slumber for a
 world,
 Or call thee back to this dark vale of woe,
 Where sin's vile breath taints all we taste below :
 Those dreadful sufferings for ever past,
 Thine is the triumph of the cross at last,
 For sweet love crowns thee with her banners all
 unfurl'd.

Sleep on ! thy children love thee still. Alas ! for those
 Who still are distant from a father's God.
 Although stern justice bares its vengeful red,
 E'en these may turn to Him whose mercy hears
 The mortal offerings of thy groans and tears,—
 And find deliverance from sin's eternal woes.

Sleep on ! thy footprints on the path of life to heav'n
Are not forsaken by all loved so dear,
For some are joyful in a Saviour's fear :
Their blooming hope looks far above thy grave,
Where palms of glory in the sun-light wave :
They come to meet thee when the welcome word is
giv'n.

Sleep on ! thy faithful partner waits the coming morn
When widow's weeds for aye are cast away,
And death shall wed her to thy sleeping clay.
Full many an hour she watched thy swimming
eye,
And breathed her prayers to the list'ning sky,
That mercy's balm might heal thy spirit bent and
torn.

Sleep on ! the tempter's hour is past ! he dares not go
Where thou art resting in the light of life.
No wails of woe, nor noisy tongues of strife
Come there, where friends shall meet no more to
part,

With deathless joy, like well-springs in the heart,
For ever rising in its pure celestial flow.

Sleep on! until the trumpet's welcome blast shall
sound,

And bid the sleepers from the tombs arise
To meet Jehovah in the flaming skies.

Then thou shalt wake from long refreshing sleep,
And hail dear friends, no more to part and weep,
But sing, whilst blest eternity shall circle round.

“AND THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT
THERE.”—*Rev. xxii. 5.*

“No night there,” said a warrior bold,
As he fought his way to heaven.
Now he rests in the land of peace,
Where the fadeless crown is given.

"No night there," sighed the orphan child,
By the grave of her sleeping mother.
The light of joy is round her now,
And she sings with those who love her.

"No night there," said the tempted soul,
Midst the waves of moaning sorrow.
The Mighty heard that anguished cry,
And on came the glorious morrow.

"No night there," cried the friendless poor,
In the night of want so dreary.
The beggar lives in plenty now,
Where the pilgrims rest when weary.

"No night there," the lone runner said,
As he ran for life and glory.
The race is done : the prize is won :—
Hark ! he sings the victor's story.

"No night there," sang the dying saint,
As he plunged in death's dark river.

He fought the waves in gallant style
 To the lightsome land for ever.

PITY THE POOR.

[Lines written on seeing a poor old man begging in a snow storm.]

PITY the poor ! be kind to that old man !
 Before he came, sad tears his cheeks o'erran,
 Cold cold as freezing rain !
 The wintry tempest drives the drifting snow,
 And round his grey hair hang large flakes of woe :
 His bent limbs ache with pain.

Don't shake your head, and turn him from the
 door :

Once he was young, although now old and poor !
 Give him a little bread,
 And a kind look to cheer him ere he dies ;
 For a strange light gleams in those hollow eyes,
 To warn him from the dead.

"Send him to the workhouse?" for God's sake
spare!

Send drunken vagabonds to perish there!

That old man's blood is pure!

Crime never burn'd its brand on that high brow;
And though he starves, his heart is honest now,
And his soul's hope is sure.

Pity the poor! ah, yes! if you could come,
And see the misery of that old man's home

Its woes would make you weep:

His wife, dear joy, and children all are gone!
To-night he will sit weeping all alone,
Then moan in famine's sleep.

He is thy brother! don't start! it is true.
God asketh, "Where is his dear love in you,"

If you keep mercies sent:

Turn not away, for you must go at last,
Where gold and silver's charms are all gone
past,
To pay back treasure lent.

Pity the poor ! widows and orphans too
Ask you in tears this godlike work to do :

They pine in wasting want.

Pray with them when you go, and kindly give
Something on which a hungry child can live :

Not pray, then feed with cant.

Pity the poor ! for God hath pitied thee !
And Jesus saith, " Who feeds them feedeth me : "

Then thou shalt rest in peace.

High duty done is like a loosen'd load :

And mercy given by a gracious God

Will bring thee sweet release.

THE FATHER'S PRAYER FOR HIS FIRST - BORN SON.

God of my fathers ! bless my child ! The cold
World heedeth not life's infant care ; but, like

The blast on fire, turns bad to worse, until
Its victims pass through death to hell ! No arm
Can save but thine. O bless my darling child !

When sin's first woe rolls forth in tears and cries,
Let angel lullabies disperse the gloom,
And from his little quaking heart take off
The load : then smiling innocence will shine
Like golden sunlight on the virgin rose.

When fierce disease, unmindful of his youth
And tender bones, comes on with savage rack
To cramp and slay : O, then, my God ! be nigh
To ward the murderer off, before the
Smitten flower lies wither'd on the ground.

The pleasant memories of youthful years
Return with him ; and yet my heart is sad
To think how helpless is the help of man !
O God, I give him up to Thee, for time
And for the cycles of eternity.

Father! within that deathless soul, do thou
Fix reason on her throne, where manly sense
Shall turn the balance quiv'ring on the beam :
So future years shall bring rich gifts unto
Thy footstool, well perfum'd with Calv'ry's blood.

In early life convert him to thyself !
Let thy sweet witness of a Father's love
Repose within : that when sad doubt would mar
His peace, this inner voice may whisper to
His trembling heart the watchword, " All is well."

Baptize him for the dead who sleep in sin,
Like Sinai's thunder let his voice alarm ;
And when long sleepers, starting from their sleep,
Cry out, " What must we do?" O make him wise
With gospel welcomes, luring souls to peace.

I ask not fame for him, for it will die !
Nor gold, nor lands, for these will mingle with,
The wreck of time, when ships lie stranded on
The burning rocks : but give him work, the fruit
Of which shall last throughout eternal years.

When my grey hairs are floating in the breeze
 Of death, (the breeze that wafts us home !)—may he,
 Yet spared, close down my weary eyes, and give
 Affection's tribute to a father's dust,
 And still the woe within his mother's breast.

And when that mother leaves her house of clay,
 And angels bring her to my place of rest ;
 May we behold, from glory's ramparts high,
 His sacred toil to win lost souls to thee,
 That we may sing when these return to life.

Forgive me, Father, if my anxious heart
 Asks aught amiss : thy wisdom cannot err.
 " Thy will be done !" let earth and hell submit
 To thy great power : but, O ! in mercy save
 The precious spirit of my first-born son.

O ! spare him ! till a well-spent life shall bring
 His tott'ring footsteps to the silent grave :
 In that dark night, when deep floods rage and roar,
 O bring him home ! and we, when storms are laid,
 Will give the endless glory all to Thee.

SINNER, TURN AND FLEE.

A REVIVAL HYMN.

[The following Hymn may be sung to the fine old Air of "Scots wha hae," &c. Objectors to tunes of this class generally forget that melodies so beautiful must have a Divine original. The Devil never invented music. The groans of the dying, and the wails of the lost, embody the note-book of hell. That bad men have perverted the design of heaven in the use of music, is a sad truth: but this is no more a reason why we should reject it, than the refusal to sing Wesley's splendid hymns, because a blaspheming drunkard is known to sing them in the revelry of debauch. The more need, when pearls are scattered among the feet of swine, to gather them carefully from the mire and filth, and, when washed, fix them for ever where God intended they should always have been.]

Dying sinner, turn and flee !

O be wise !—thy danger see !

Death is overtaking thee,

And hell is close behind.

Boundless mercy waits to show

Weeping eyes their balm for woe ;

Weary hearts may turn and go

To rest in Jesu's love.

By the scenes on Canaan's shore,
Where the ransom'd sin no more !
By the curse that Jesus bore,
O sinner, turn and flee!
By sad tears, and groans, and sighs!
By the death that never dies !
By those deep eternal cries!
We pray you to return.

Flee to yonder purple tide
Flowing from the Saviour's side ;
There from storms your spirit hide
In peace for evermore.
Flee ! for time is ebbing fast :
Your day of hope runs rushing past :
This may be your best and last :
O sinner, turn and flee !

See ! they come ! and weeping fall
Down where grace is free for all !
Faith lays hold on mercy's call,
And angels shout for joy.

Let us upward, onward run,
 Far from stars and glowing sun ;
 There, when life's last wail is done,
 We meet to part no more.

THE YOUNG CONVERT'S SONG OF JOY.

[These verses and the Air "Auld Lang syne," will agree.]

Come, let us sing ! Eternal love
 Has wash'd our sins away ;
 The dreary night of weeping past,
 Departs with dawning day.

The gladsome songs of angels tell,
 That ransom'd souls are free ;
 Dark hell, defeated, fled away,
 When mercy came to me.

Our hearts were sad, but now with joy
 Together we shall go,

Where glory crowns our endless life,
And tears will never flow.

The Christian race will soon be o'er,
The glitt'ring prize be giv'n ;
And faithful pilgrims enter rest,
Within the port of heav'n.

The wailing storms that hurry past,
Shall waft us swiftly on ;
Till we shall meet our friends above,
And shout before the throne.

Our happy souls with strong desire
From Egypt's land return ;
And by the cross rejoice to know
That here we cease to mourn.

A Father's voice in death's dread hour
Will hush the noise of hell :
Triumphant faith in that dark night
Proclaims that " All is well."

Farewell, my comrades ! one in heart,
All bound for Canaan's shore ;
A few more partings, then we meet
To sigh " Good night," no more.

THE PILGRIM'S HYMN.

[The plaintive Air, " Ye Banks and Braes," is suitable for the following verses.]

COMPANIONS, come, who journey home,
Where flowers bloom fair on Canaan's shore ;
Let care depart, and cheer your heart,
For soon the toils of life are o'er.
The dreary past is gone at last,
We travel on the upward way ;
Right glad we go, where weeping woe
Displays no gloom in endless day.

The wars of life bring constant strife,
And pilgrim bands must haste along !
From sin to fly, and scale the sky,
To join yon bright angelic throng.

The waves that roll around the soul,
Are bounded by a mighty hand :
And He who gave His life to save,
Will bring us to the happy land.

The weary way, the fleeting day,
Conveys us to the goal of peace :
The sooner done, the prize is won,
Where glory gives the soul release.
We part on earth, to meet where death
Disturbs no more our blest repose :
God's high behest, our joyful rest
From all the cruel rage of foes.

When cowards fly, let us be nigh
Our Saviour, midst the battle's roar ;
His arm of might will win the fight,
And bring us shouting to the shore.
Till then, farewell ! through death and hell
By faith we shall triumphant go :
Here we must part, but there the heart
Love's parting pang shall never know.

THE SINNER'S DEATH.

ONE dreary, dismal, stormy night,
When lightnings flash'd with glary light,
And thunders fierce, with horrid roar,
Shook the rocks on the quaking shore :
Away in shadows, dark and drear,
Where terror calls to coward fear ;
And storm fiends meet, in wrath to yell
The soul's dirge in the mouth of hell :—
A sinner lay, in anguish torn,
Cursing the day that saw him born !
Sorely he toil'd with gasping breath,
To flee away from mighty death.
Despair sat on his throbbing brow,
For God's hand rested on him now !
By the bed, where the victim lay,
A man of God knelt down to pray :
He wrestled hard for heav'n to spare
The dying wretch from black despair.

The heav'ns were brass ! no answer came
To snatch the brand from burning flame.
" God won't hear you," the sinner cried ;
" My soul is lost ! my God defied !
Now, alas ! there is nought for me
But hell, in lost eternity !
Stay ! O stay ! and tremble, who hears !
Through a mother's prayers and tears !
Through a father's counsel and cry,
Till broken hearts lay down to die !
Through God's love, which had almost won !
Through the blood of his dying Son !
Through the Spirit, that strove to save
Me from the loathsome gaping grave !
Through sabbaths, sermons, here at last !
My course to hell is almost past !
Through them all, in terror I stand,
Where billows roll on sinking sand !
Here I am, on the frightful shore,
Where joys come back to me no more !
God is just ! and I must go
Down to feed the flames of woe !

Damn'd in time ! Lost ! lost !
Dismal doom ! Lost ! lost !"

Dying sinner, look at the blood !

Jesus is ——

"The blood ! No ! no ! it burns like fire !

Floods of wrath come heaping it higher !

The deepest pang my soul can feel

Is mercy's sword of burnish'd steel,

Sheath'd to the hilt in my lost soul.

O how the waves of torment roll !

The gates of hell are open'd wide !

Devils run on the reeking tide !

They come to take my soul away !

See ! see ! hell's lurid lightnings play !

The vials burst with teeming woe !

Red flames curl round me as I go !

Away ! away ! Fare you well !

My last bed is deep in hell !

My soul, O hell ! is lost !

Fire ! fire ! Lost ! lost !

For ever lost !"

And then a deep and horrid groan
 Told his spirit was fled and gone !
 The restless limbs at last lay still,
 For life had clos'd her flowing rill.
 The eyes were fix'd with ghastly stare ;
 The mouth yet spoke in dumb despair :
 The furrows grooved in skin and bone,
 Reveal'd where that lost soul was gone.
 Then God's servant hasted away
 From that sad scene, in sore dismay.
 The winds blew, and the tempest tost,
 And went away howling, " Lost ! lost !"

PITY THE MINER.

[The following verses were written in reference to the Coal Miners of Kingswood, whose moral and physical condition demands the pity of every Christian. Ignorance, the result of their life's toil from early youth to old age, is departing before the educational movements of the day. When once there is a union between the kindness of their hearts and an intelligent adherence to the faith and practice of the Gospel, then shall a new page open in the history of the far-famed Kingswood Colliers.]

PRAY for the miner ! He has need of pity
 Amid the shadows of his labour home :

The cheerful fires both in town and city,

Through his hard bony hands have all to come.

Pray oft for him ! that at death's dread behest,

His weary limbs may find eternal rest.

Pray for the miner ! His is dreary toiling,

Where hell fiends watch in darkness for his
life :

Foul damps, and sickness, all his efforts foiling,

May scatter on his path the seeds of strife :

Perchance fierce famine in his cheerless cot,

Adds hungry torment to his mortal lot.

Pray for the miner ! Think how tyrants measure

The sweat drops oozing from his throbbing brow :

The wages less, leave more accursed treasure,

And doom him starving, as you see him now :

His wife in tears and rags looks on to see

The half-fed children climbing on his knee.

Pray for the miner ! His poor soul neglected,

Sleeps in its grave of rottenness and sin.

Think not his Maker has his plea rejected,

For boundless mercy waits to take him in :
Angels will give him welcome from his God,
When wisdom wins him from the downward road.

Pray for the miner ! Tears of burning sorrow

Will vanish when the Saviour comes to save ;
And joy, fresh tuned, will sing a glorious morrow,

When summer dews fall gently on his grave :
The Resurrection's morn shall bid him rise
With sinless vigour to the welcome skies.

Pray for the miner ! Tell the pleasing story,

How Wesley sought them for his loving Lord.
From Kingswood, multitudes have gone to glory,

Who bowed submissive to the saving word.
Then let us pray, until the shadows flee,
And we are happy in eternity.

THE GOOD OLD SHIP OF WESLEY.

[The following verses were written after hearing a miserable attempt, in the form of a Lecture, to exhibit Conference Methodism as a blighted thing, forsaken of God and despised by man. That Lecture, with some of its low vulgarisms left out, has since been *published*. Its unjust personal attacks upon me are perfectly harmless. Its unpardonable ignorance of the history of the Scottish Covenanters, who are dragged down from the martyr's throne to shake hands with fly-sheet slanderers, is amazing. Its wretched bitterness against the men who have the manliness to return home to the Zion of their early love, defeats its own purpose, and will only induce the more to come. Its one-eyed interpretation of Scripture is an insult to Apostolic wisdom; and its frothy denouncement of reviving Methodism is unworthy of an answer. As an illustration of this Local Agitator's high-sounding declamation, we read in page 24, (in reference to Conference Methodism,) that "*it is in direct antagonism to all the most influential agents of modern society; to all the material and commercial powers of enlightened peoples; to all the mental accumulations of centuries; to all science, poetry, and philosophy; and consequently, of a necessity as unbending as the unalterable laws of nature, it must gradually decline and perish as a system.*" The best reply to this empty explosion is the history of Methodism for the last one hundred years. As for the future, where are the tokens of her decline?—Unless 6,000 increase of Members, 18,000 on trial, 22,000 increase of Children in her Schools, 3,000 increase of Sunday School Teachers, 60 young Ministers offered upon her altar to preach Christ, this year of 1837, be the proofs of diminished power. Surely, the erection of a college to train her day-school teachers, at a cost of £40,000; paying off Chapel debts at the rate of £60,000 a year; giving back to the God of Missions £119,000 in every twelve months;—these are not the "*Laws*" of her decline. If any thing on earth be a proof of Heaven's smile, then, without boasting, may she affirm with the dying Wesley, "*The best of all is, God is with us;*" for 400,000 loyal children praise Him for her life. Look on the other side: the New Ship of Reform has sprung a leak, and falls like wreck upon the wave. The delegate Conference has not a raft to stand upon: hence a few weeks ago they met, with the *Grandfather* of the *Fly-sheets* in the chair, on board another Ship which has not added one yard of canvass for 22 years. In proof of this utter

confusion, we learn from the *British Standard Newspaper* that in the *Meeting at Rochdale* to which I have referred, out of 140 *Reform Ministers*, only 32 consented to the union with the *Warrenite Church*; and from some 127 Circuits, only 19 consented to amalgamate. And this small minority, with the least of all former factions, is what we see announced as the "*United Methodist Free Churches*." If this be unity, it is the unity of weakness! If this be freedom, it is the freedom of division and death. If these are the "*United Churches*" where shall the other 108 Circuits, with 108 preachers of the *late Reform Unity*, find a name? Surely there is a voice in this, warning sincere Christians to flee from the disabled ship, lest they perish in her doom. May the sinking mariners find shelter in the good old Church of their Fathers! God knows my heart: I should rejoice to meet them in revivals below; and, when life's wars are past, in the sweet haven of the soul's repose. E. A. T.]

THE gallant Old Ship, amidst billows and foam,
Sails on in her glory with souls to their home:
The mutineers fought to destroy her at sea,
But she bravely maintained her right to be free.

The war-cry from Pirates, expecting a prize,
Was, "Cut down her colors, and stop her supplies!"
But her stores are increasing a thousand fold,
Her streamers are gilded with sanctified gold.

Her batter'd sides shook, in the tempest's loud roar,
When faint hearts forsook her far off from the shore;
But the Old Ship pursues her course on the main,
And floods of salvation fall on her again.

Her wide sails unfurl to the breezes that blow,
And waft her away from the whirlpools of woe :
The Bible, her chart-book, proclaims from afar
Her song-notes for peace, and her thunder for war.

Her helmsman is Jesus, who scatters her foes,
And tames the wild waters to peaceful repose :
His deeds are the triumphs, when battles are won,
To last when the race of the boaster is run.

'Twas wrong for *complainers* in secret to hide,
When foul tongues grew pale in the poison of pride ;
But now they have fled from the shades of their den,
And reason calms down the fierce passions of men.

The thousands on thousands decoyed to the fight,
Behold now the dawning of heavenly light ;
And whilst for the past some sit sadly and mourn,
The Old Ship with welcomes invites their return.

Invites their return to the blessings of peace,
Where broken hearts, seeking, are finding release ;

No more in the war-shout to scatter and slay,
But live for the joys of a glorious day.

O sing to Jehovah, who flew to her aid,
When weak hearts in tumults were sorely afraid ;
His be the glory, who hath spoken the word,
Which brings back the trophies of peace to the Lord.

God bless that Old Ship ! Hark ! the angels reply
From the fleet light'ning's pathway home to the sky.
Alleluia ! shout, with a mighty Amen !
Alleluia ! Zion is blooming again.

PEACE IN THE STORM.

On life's wild sea a lonely exile sailed :
Fierce tempests tossed the billows in their wrath,
And fiends yell'd back to every blast that blew !
The creaking timbers of his tiny bark
Quiver'd in the gale. Darkness, like Egypt's

Night, sat on his soul. Temptation's foretaste
Of a deeper hell let loose its thunders
On his helmless head. Thoughts of the past on
Mem'ry's wing drew near. A mother's life of
Love, her bed of death, and silent grave. His
Father buried too. The friends of youth all
Scatter'd like the chaff. How lonely! nought left
But self and sin, save pelting storms, and hell's
Reeking host, who come with foul intent to
Wreck him, if they can. The lightnings flash, and
Roaring billows cast up their hissing foam .
In sleepless rage. Despair comes on, and hope
Sinks down to die. Now is the time for sin's
Last act! Devils hold back their breath to watch
Him plunge to hell. Just then is mercy's hour!
Swift to the rescue runs the light of faith,
And bids him look upon another scene
That he may live. How oft we see, that man's
Extremity is God's own time to save.

He looks above, when, Lo! the silv'ry moon
Shines glorious on the Galilean
Sea. The placid ripple of the sleeping

Waves, hums gentle music to the boatman's
Oar. See there ! a little vessel cuts her
Silent way. Her half-fill'd sails wave sportive
In the breeze. The crew,—twelve fishermen, from
That lone shore, now under training for a
Mighty work,—to fish for men, where foul floods
Sweep them to the depths of hell. Their Master
Sails in the same ship : He loves, and never
Leaves his own. Behold Him there ! His manhood
Sinks beneath his toil,—for he was always
Toiling. How calm he sleeps ! No passion cloud
Could dim with dreams his spotless soul. His hands
Are folded on his peaceful breast, as when
A warrior rests, before he wakes to do
Or die. How smooth his brow ! No mariner
In that ship's company had ever seen
A wrinkle there.

The scene is chang'd ! Sullen
Moanings from the deep blue sea give warning
Of a storm. The loud winds rush furious from
Their hidden caves, and howl destruction to

The trembling bark. Around the bending masts
Storm-fiends whistle the funeral dirge of
That ship's crew. The sails are riven in the
Frantic gale. The wild sea boils and hisses
In its wrath. The towering billows part with
Deep gulfs between, like death jaws gaping in
Eternal graves. Along the crested ridge
Of those wild waves, the roar of thunder rolls
Like groans from hell. Upon that sea of death
The lab'ring ship is drifting like a leaf :—
One moment quivering on the watery hills,—
The next descending to the deeps unknown.
The mariners, half dead with fear, hear death
In ev'ry sound. Around, above, below,
Is nought but death ! At their wit's-end they know
Not what to do. One hope, and only one,
Is left. How strange ! but so it is, by land
Or sea, man never comes to God till all
His props are gone. The Prince of Life sleeps on :
The storm wail cannot mar his rest ! To him
They run, and with the anguish of despair
They cry, " Lord, save us, or we perish." That

Cry was heard ; for broken hearts ne'er prayed in
Vain. The King of kings stood up, and said, " Fear
Not, O ye of little faith ! no storm can
Sink a ship that carries me." Then to the
Bellowing storm God spake, and said, " Peace ! be
Still !" The winds were hush'd ! the fretted sea grew
Calm ! Then were the mariners right glad, and
Set themselves to work the vessel to the
Shore.

The exile saw how Jesus still'd the
Storm ; and, desperate, threw himself upon his
Power to save ! Then peace was given
To his weary breast. Devils fled back from
Off the conquer'd field. The burden of his
Sins was gone ! Then joyful Hallelujahs
Gave birth to song. The refuge from the wind
Was his. There rests his soul in certain hope
Of endless life ! He knows when storms are past,
There waits a welcome to eternal peace.

So shall we learn from this to trust in God.
The gospel ship is on a troubled sea,
Where storms surround her on the homeward course.

False lights upon the world's dark shore would lure
Her on the rocks : but God is in her, and
The hounds of hell will never see that ship
A wreck. O no ! when storms like these have brawl'd
Themselves to death, the good old ship will make
The shore, and land her precious freight of souls.
Then all the voyagers shall meet to tell
Of splendid triumphs through unending years.

Jesus is in the storm ! Faith grasps him there,
And will not let him go. His deathless love
Will never, never die ! Lift up your hearts,
Ye care-worn trav'lers to the happy land !
Fear not the tempest's rage, nor hell's fierce hate,
Nor sland'rous tongues, nor ought but sin. Lift up
Your voice, and learn on earth the melodies
Of heaven. Sing midst the battle's roar: the
Arm of God will give you victory ! The
Night of weeping will soon be past. Behold,
The morning breaketh ! The long thin clouds of
Human suffering die away. Rejoice,
The sinless shore looms on the sight, like hills

Of silver floating in a sea of gold !
 Hail, happy day ! When shouting angels come,
 Like able reapers, to bear the ripe sheaves
 Home ! Sweet thought ! For ever home !

THE NORTHAM BURROWS, NORTH DEVON.

[The above celebrated Burrows is a pebble ridge, about two miles in length and thirty feet high, thrown up (it is supposed) by the action of the sea, at some remote period, by which about 1000 acres of land have been saved from the sweep of the rising tide. This grand freak of nature is surrounded by a lovely coast.]

FULL oft I've stood on that rude pebble wall,
 Which flings defiance to the rushing tide :
 And there have listen'd to the ocean call,
 Where storm-fiends, howling, on the tempests ride.

Few scenes on earth are half so dear to me
 As those sublimely scatter'd on thy shore,
 Where nature sings her anthems bold and free, '
 On frill'd waves ripp'ling in their restless roar.

Fit home for sailors are those spots of light

We see, like sun-gleams round Clovelly bay :
Like sea-birds nestling in the rocks by night,
And bravely toiling for their bread by day.

Emblem of union, where those wild waves meet,
Is that long *ridge*, majestic in its power ;
The waters bow submissive at its feet,
And roll back weaker ev'ry ebbing hour.

Like that thin line of Highland-hearts and steel,
When brave Sir Colin tamed the furious foe :
Or like the shock that quailing tyrants feel,
When justice calmly measures home her blow :—

The blow of freedom for the bleeding slave,
When chains are broken from the deathless mind :
Then despot power with each receding wave
Writes down its frailty on the sands behind.

To me those Burrows speak an inner joy,
A voice that whispers of the soul's release,

When life's worn mariners find blest employ
Within the haven of unbroken peace.

Peace to the warrior, when the battle's won !
Peace to the mourner, when her griefs are past !
Peace to the pilgrim, when his toils are done !
Sweet peace, to crown us when we meet at last !

Farewell, past scenes of many happy days,
When gen'rous Devon won the exile's heart !
In time, e'en friends may travel diff'rent ways :
The race well run, we meet no more to part.

Farewell, companions on the sea of life,
Who sail with Jesus to the shores of light !
When roaring billows end this stormy strife,
Unfading glory meets the ravish'd sight.

THE THINGS I WANT.

AWAY from noise and jading jar,
Where strife-tongued men wage ruthless war,
Give me a garden neat and clean,
Pathways fringed with the flow'ry green :
There let beds of beautiful flowers
Flourish beside the shady bowers.
Spread the trees on the sloping walls :
Strew with flowers where the ripe fruit falls :
Train the vines round their home of glass,
Where breezes fan them as they pass :
Gather the plague of worms and weeds
From kitchen roots and sprouting seeds :
Cover choice beds with flow'rets fair,
Waving like rainbows in the air :
Roses to breathe their sweet perfumes,
Where love-plants wave their tinted plumes :
There let the fountain's shower of dew
Scatter life on the creeping blue.

Round the rocks where the waters rise,
Plant the green wood that never dies :
There, where song-birds tarry to sing,
Let me live in the light of spring.

Give me the range of wood and field,
Where balmy breezes life-breath yield :
Where the fleet lightnings from afar
Flash like gleams from a dying star :
Where mountains tower to heaven away,
And deep glens sing to welcome day :
Where heather decks the shepherd's path,
And wild winds howl in mighty wrath :
Where the scar'd eagle, fleet and fast,
Screams to the yell of ev'ry blast :
Where murm'ring rivers ever run
Through winter's cold and summer's sun :
Where moor larks skim the clouds and sing
Sweeter than minstrels round a king :
Soaring high on the sunbeam's breast,
These joyful warblers need no rest,
Till gath'ring night, in shadows deep,
Has lured them home where worn winds sleep :

Where wild flowers grow on dale and hill,
 Without the polish'd gard'ner's skill :
 Despising art's oppressive powers,
 They boast, "What tints are gay as ours!"
 One flower I love above them all ;
 It grows in freedom, fair and tall :
 Down by the river's fertile side,
 It bends to kiss the rippling tide :—
 "Forget-me-not," my favorite flower,
 Fit for a lady's secret bower ;
 Its tint of blue, like yonder sky,
 Tells of a land where nought can die ;
 Its five sweet petals speak, and say,
 "Hope on, for hope will win the day ;"
 It calls up mem'ry's hidden love
 Of friends once here, but now above ;
 It tells when life's bright sun is set,
 That we may die, but not forget :—
 With this flower by the shaggy wood,
 Leave me alone in solitude.

Give me rocks by the mournful sea,
 Singing dirges eternally !

Wailing the doom of sailors brave,
Sleeping beneath the restless wave :
Catching sighs from the mourner's breath,
Bearing them to the gulfs of death :
Rolling its waves through circling years,
To meet the floods of mourner's tears :
Casting foam on the dripping shore :
Scaring hell with its mighty roar :
Wafting ships from every clime :
Fresh with life as the dawn of time :
Holding the wires in deeps profound,
Where light'nings ride on ocean ground,
Bearing the words of warrior-kings,
Quickly as thought her brain bell rings,
Beating the speed of angels far,
Whose stages run from star to star :—
By the shore of that wond'rous sea,
O let me learn its melody !

Give me a study, furnish'd well,
Where happy thoughts delight to dwell ;
Good broad table, and easy chair,
With painless head, unhurt by care ;

A place to kneel, and pow'r to pray
The heart's deep woes like chaff away ;
The grey goose quill, and useful brains,
Tuning my lyre to joyful strains ;
Making sermons, or weaving lays,
To win a soul, or warble praise ;
Books to tell of the hoary past ;
Wise thoughts written with time to last ;
Books of solemn and awful truth,
Comfort for age, warnings for youth ;
Books of heaven, and books of hell ;
Books of the things that angels tell ;
Books that speak of the mighty dead ;
Books that treasure what fools have said ;
Books to bite, like hounds of night ;
Books that glisten with glorious light ;
Books on all subjects fit to know,
Written for weal or dismal woe :
Round and round on every side,
Pile them up in their silent pride.
Peace to their authors' mould'ring bones,
Resting far from the critic's groans.

Some grew fat on their lucre lore :
Some were the lean-kine, starv'd and poor :
Some were cloth'd in the cloth of gold,
And some in rags were curs'd with cold :
Some slept sound in the palace hall :
Some, without beds, scarce slept at all :
Some went down to the mines of thought,
And wond'rous loads for us they brought :
Their toil is ours, but reason reel'd,—
The pistol's shot their doom has seal'd.
Some met death amid mourner's tears,
And some went mad with frightful fears.
They are gone, but their books are ours,
For ever nigh in pleasant hours.
I love my books, but this I see,—
The Bible-book is best for me.

Give me a friend with loving heart,
Which nought on earth can spoil or part ;
True in the day of dreary storms,
When love its home of refuge forms ;
Faithful to tell me of my faults,
When human frailty bends and halts :

A friend who charms with honest smile,
When loving words life's care beguile :
A friend to help the starving poor,
Who beg a morsel at my door :
A friend to sing, when happy days
Demand the soul's adoring praise :
A friend to weep, when sorrow's sigh
Heaves on the waves of trouble high :
A friend to pray, in pain's dark hour,
When death's lone shadows grimly lower :—
Such is the friend in my loved home,
Where demon-cares dare seldom come.
Home ! The sweetest of mortal words !
The dearest rest that earth affords !
O ! let me live, lost souls to save,
Till my grey head bows to the grave !
And then, my Father-God, bestow
The heart's long rest from mortal woe !

“HOW TERRIBLE TO DIE UNWEPT.”

[This emphatic sentence is quoted in reference to the death of the Emperor Nicholas, in Dr. NOLAN'S "History of the War against Russia."]

BEHOLD the man, who broke the vials of
Remorseless wars, and sent fierce warriors drench'd
In blood to hell! Whose smile or frown gave joy
Or woe to sixty million souls! Who swore
Upon his fathers' graves, that, ere the March
Wind blew, the brave defenders of the right
Would lie, like rotting wreck, on that bleak shore!
Who vow'd that, whilst a "musket or a man
Was left," he would make war on liberty!
Behold him now, all helpless in the throes
Of death! Marshals and generals dare not
Risk a battle for their king. Those whining
Priests, who cursed his noble foes, are helpless
Too. Amidst them all, whilst yet the nations
Tremble at his name,—he dies! Well may the
World cry, "How terrible" for him "to die

Unwept!" The news flew faster than the flash
Of light. Hearts crush'd with woe threw off their load!
The conquerors, weeping for their comrades
Slain, wiped off the hero's tears, and sang for
Joy! The secret heart of that brave garrison
Was glad, and sigh'd for peace! Siberia's
Lone exiles, midst eternal snows, for one
Short moment felt no galling chain! Poland
And Hungary, around their martyr tombs,
Beheld that God is just! Widows lay down,
And clasp'd the fatherless to their worn hearts,
And slept! Alas for sin! whence all this joy
When one poor mortal goes to meet his God?
Ambition's crimes reply from tears and blood!
The lust of power grew rampant in his soul:
Onward in frantic rage he rush'd, until
His cup was full; and now, he drinks it in
Eternity. But then, "to die unwept!"
This fearful proof of universal scorn
Was horrible! The pamper'd slaves around
His bier might weep. The lying priests, when death
Consum'd their god, shed bitter tears; and yet

The true and manly sorrow of gen'rous
Hearts, for mighty Nicholas was never
Felt! The fault was his. Hence flows the tearless
Curse from smitten homes. It was not thus when
British heroes fell! For them ran floods of
Tears! Inspired eloquence pour'd forth their
Praise! Embalm'd in grateful hearts, the story
Of their deeds will never die. Mothers, in
After years, will teach their names to lisping
Infants. Stern history already gives
Her verdict for the brave : and liberty,
Unstain'd with wrong, will be their monument
Till time shall die. The purple billows of
Destructive war were driven back. The God
Of vengeance, through those British hearts of steel,
Has spoken PEACE. The thunders of the storm
Are still : and hell's fierce hounds are kennell'd for
Awhile. How sweet the quiet from the rude
Alarms of Russia's roar! The victory
Is ours : its price,—the blood of thousands slain.
Moaning winds go forth with grateful tribute
From a nation's love, and waft it softly

To the famed Crimean shore. There, dew-drops
 Speak it to the sleeping bands, who need long
 Rest, with ALMA, INKERMAN, and 'KLAVA
 Won. They sleep, but not unwept, for Britain
 Mourns them as her dearest sons.

Detested

War! ambition's curse! hell's foulest onslaught
 On a world's joy! when wilt thou cease? Take up
 Thy scabbard from the gory field, and sheath
 That reeking sword! Wait yet awhile, and let
 The grass grow green upon the soldier's grave.
 Alas, we plead in vain! The monster smells
 Fresh carrion on the stormy winds! His
 Nostrils snuff destruction from afar. Hark!
 The tramp of armies marching to the death
 Is heard. Revolt in India strikes the
 Fatal blow. High rank, nor beauty, will the
 Butchers spare. The mother, with her child clasp'd
 To her chaste bosom, sleeps with murder'd Brave.
 Cawnpore and Delhi hiss with reeking gore.
 The foulest page of human history
 Is written there with tears and streaming blood.

Britain, disloyal to her God, beholds
 Her punishment in this wild war. And yet
 My Lord of Ellenborough could charge this
 Sepoy carnage on a *Preached Cross*, while
 Titled statesmen cheer'd him on. Eternal
 God ! forgive my country's wrong for this base
 Lie ! Let Mogul despots utter all their
 Hate. Their doom is seal'd ! Those potsherds dashed to
 Pieces in the mouth of hell, are only
 Rabble in the conqueror's way, who comes
 To reign. The Saviour King must win. The word
 Is sure ; and bloody *war* must gather up
 Its feet and die. The solitudes shall then
 Be glad and deserts blossom like the rose.
 Ripe harvests there shall bend to sickles made
 From swords and spears. The foes of God sleep on
 Unwept ; and He, whose right it is, will take
 The THRONE, as KING of KINGS, and LORD of
 LORDS.

Hail, Jesus ! hail ! And when the KINGDOMS of
 The earth are THINE, in love remember me !

BRITAIN'S CALL FROM INDIA.

REJOICE! for thy sons in their triumph have spoken!

The pride of the Mogul lies buried in gore :
The arm of the traitor, uplifted, is broken,
And rebel-hosts perish like wreck on the shore.

The terrible combats for Delhi are ended :

Brave Wilson's avengers the gauntlet have run :
The domes of the Palace so fiercely defended,
Resound to the war-shout that Britain has won.

The wail of the blood from the city of slaughter,
From Cawnpore's dark shambles was heard from afar ;
And plum'd warriors thought of a wife or a daughter,
When British wrath rode on the lightnings of war.

The little ones slept in the arms of their mothers ;
Uncoffin'd, unshrouded, together they lay !
Their dirge-song was sung by loved ones and brothers,
When blood-fiends were smitten with mortal dismay.

'Twas this that gave Havelock his army of heroes,
 Baptized in the spirit from grief-trodden graves ;
 When wolves from the forest, the dark bosom'd Nenas
 Were spoil for the swords of our conquering Braves.

The Highlanders marched to "The Campbells are
 coming,"

When Lucknow's red vengeance flash'd down on
 their steel ;

Sir Colin has led them where banners are floating,
 Enwreath'd with the glory of Lawrence and Neill.

Peace ! peace to the heroes where Nicholson
 slumbers !

Let Fame bow in sorrow to weep o'er the dead !
 High triumph yet speaks with its echoing thunders,
 Where base-hearted Sepoys defeated have bled.

O Britain ! thy shame in dark Indian story,
 Is faithless allegiance to duty and God !
 Arise ! and return from the dreams of thy glory,
 For wisdom now warns with the stroke of the rod.

The fallow ground heaves with the throes of its sorrow!
The ploughshare is war! the seed time is near!
Now dark is the night, but a glorious morrow
Will silence the clash of the sword and the spear.

Awake from thy slumber! The groans of the dying
From Brahmin's worn blood-path cry loud unto thee.
It is not enough that the slave-curse is flying,
The soul of the Hindoo must also be free.

The Shasters will bend, when the Cross is ascendant!
The death-wail of Juggernaut utters its groan!
The day-star of Jesus will shine out resplendent,
When India bows at the foot of his throne.

Put back thy keen sword to its home in the scabbard!
Go forth with the Bible in pity to save!
Make haste to the cells where the pale and the haggard
Are sinking unpardoned to death and the grave!

O tell them of Him who exalteth a nation,
Till dumb idols fall at the life-spoken word!

When the Hindoos rejoice in gospel salvation,
Then China shall come at the call of the Lord.

O Britain! Thy Queen is the best and the dearest
That ever yet wore thy rich jewell'd crown!
Let hers be the Sceptre to reign where thou hearest
The loud voice of triumph from martial renown.

Go! wash off thy blood in the sin-cleansing fountain,
Where war's troubled clarion is heard not again!
This watch-word shall echo from valley to mountain,
"India was saved in VICTORIA's reign!"

HAIL! EMPRESS and QUEEN! VICTORIA for ever!
Grand triumphs will bring her brave armies repose!
FATHERLAND! arise from thy slumber, and never
Prove false to thy SAVIOUR, nor flee from thy foes!

FINIS.

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